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**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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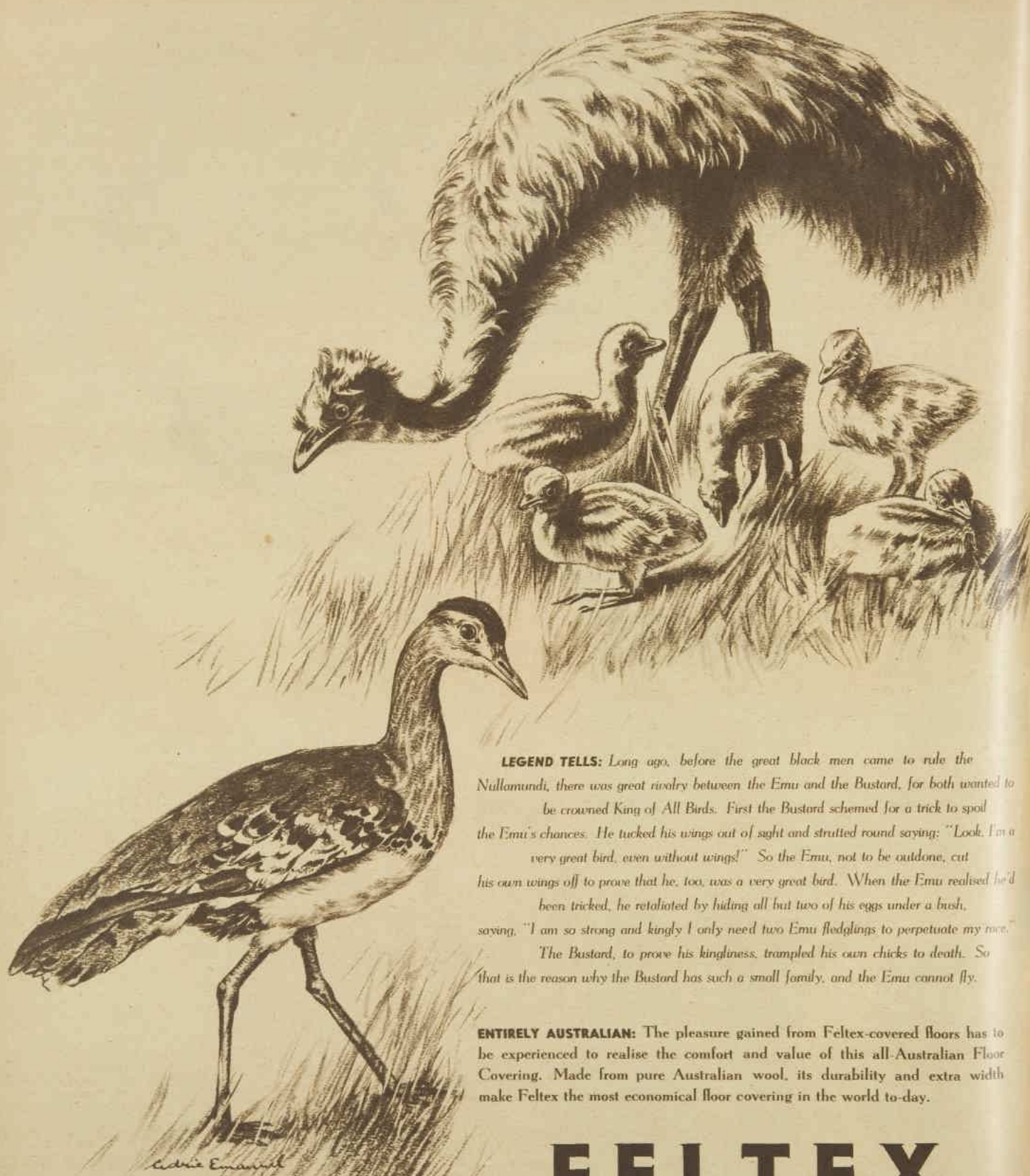
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LEGEND TELLS: Long ago, before the great black men came to rule the Nullamundi, there was great rivalry between the Emu and the Bustard, for both wanted to be crowned King of All Birds. First the Bustard schemed for a trick to spoil the Emu's chances. He tucked his wings out of sight and strutted round saying: "Look, I'm a very great bird, even without wings!" So the Emu, not to be outdone, cut his own wings off to prove that he, too, was a very great bird. When the Emu realised he'd been tricked, he retaliated by hiding all but two of his eggs under a bush, saying, "I am so strong and kingly I only need two Emu fledglings to perpetuate my race." The Bustard, to prove his kingliness, trampled his own chicks to death. So that is the reason why the Bustard has such a small family, and the Emu cannot fly.

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Someone to Love

By Gertrude
Schweitzer

HANNAH, struggling along the windy street, caught sight of her trim reflection in a store window and stopped. Using the window as a mirror, she smoothed back her fair hair and adjusted her hat to what she hoped was a chic angle but felt was only silly.

Then, looking past and through her reflection for the first time, she saw that a man inside the shop was watching her, smiling and she flushed and hurried on.

She had bought the hat especially for this afternoon. In the shop it had seemed just right, exactly the kind of hat in which a girl might start an altogether new life—a gay, care-free hat, much too frivolous for a stenographer.

Now she felt she had been silly and reckless to buy it. Already she was seeing it through Constance's eyes, and she was sure that Constance would consider the hat nothing more or less than an extravagant absurdity.

"If you were going to spend all that money," Constance would say, "why on earth didn't you take me with you?"

As a matter of fact, it was the first time that she had ever bought anything of any consequence without Constance. She had never been sure what looked well on her, what colors went best together, while Constance, even as a child, had always had impeccable taste.

Now, of course, Constance was one of the country's authorities on clothes. Behind the modernistic show window, lettered with one word, "Constance"—in the hushed, bare shop with its grey velvet draperies behind which, presumably, hung the clothes that were never in evidence—she dressed the richest and most fashionable women in the community.

It was, in a way, almost an impertinence for Hannah to have bought an important hat without consulting Constance. But then, if it came to it, Hannah thought, you might just as well say that it was an impertinence to do anything without consulting Constance. Because Constance always knew more about everything than Hannah, always did everything better.

Hannah had known this from the time they were children, and accepted it as one of the inescapable facts of life. Hannah was pretty, fair-haired, and pink-cheeked, with a kind of breathless eagerness that she had never outgrown. But Constance was the lovely one, the dark, slim, faintly exotic one,

the one who never fumbled, never made a gesture that was not grace itself.

And Constance was the brilliant one, the exciting one. Things happened to her—she knew how to make them happen. She could try for a university scholarship, and get it without ever noticeably opening a book. She could start with a little dress shop on an obscure street, and end up with the modernistic show window with its lettered "Constance."

Hannah was none of the things that Constance was. As she bent against the wind and the new hat settled stubbornly back upon her head, no one would have turned to look at her as they turned to look at Constance. She was just another pretty stenographer in a silly hat. She had never had any of Constance's gay, wonderful adventures, had never done anything or got anywhere.

She had accepted all this always as a fact, but even as a child she had wished desperately that it wasn't so—that she could be more like Constance. Sometimes, lying in bed in the safe, unrevealing darkness, she had made up adventures of her own and almost believed, as she related them to her sister, that they had really happened.

Once in a while her imagination ran wild and took her obviously beyond the realms of reality, into a world of dragons and fairy godmothers, but often it was only some simple little thing that she made up, such as that the teacher had commented on the brilliance of her composition or that one of her classmates had told her she was the prettiest girl in the class.

It made no difference. Constance knew that one was as impossible as the other, and somewhere in the middle she would say calmly, without anger, "Hannah Freeman, you're a liar..."

Hannah turned the corner, the wind almost knocking her down, and there was Constance's house, the perfect town house, its five steps with their wrought-iron handrail rising to a massive wooden door set back in the white stone.

Hannah thought of the two dull rooms she shared with another stenographer. She could have lived here—Constance had urged her to often enough—but she felt out of place.

A new maid opened the door and took Hannah's things—Constance was forever changing maids—and Hannah walked down the little hall into the big, old-fashioned, high-ceilinged drawing-room which Constance had somehow managed to reconcile perfectly with modern furniture and a chartreuse-and-grey color scheme. Constance rose from a deep, low chair and held out her hands, her expression both welcoming and surprised. She always seemed faintly surprised to see Hannah, though this visit occurred regularly every Sunday.

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"Do you like my new hat?" Hannah asked, turning her head for Constance to see.



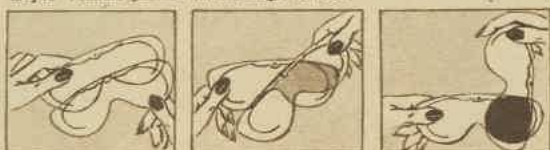
Illustrated: Model "SS" Sunshield.

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CONSTANCES

brows lifted. "Good heavens," she said, "you're all blown to pieces! You don't mean to tell me you walked in this dreadful weather!"

"It wasn't bad," Hannah protested. "But, darling, you're so foolish. You know I'd have been glad to treat you to a taxi."

"Do you like my new hat?" Hannah asked, turning her head for Constance to see.

"Is it new?" Constance asked. "I didn't notice."

Hannah went to the huge, unframed mirror at the end of the room and took her comb out of her bag, her fingers trembling a little. No wonder Constance had not even noticed the hat. The wind had pushed it so far back it could scarcely be seen, with her hair blown all around it.

In the mirror she could see Constance watching her, smiling faintly. Constance was composed and beautiful and smart in a starkly simple hostess gown of black velvet, her body lithe and slim as a young girl's, though she was thirty now, six years older than Hannah. In contrast, Hannah felt frumpy.

She wondered how she could ever have thought the hat was chic, and she snatched it off and smoothed her tangled hair as well as she could.

"Sit down, dear," Constance said. "You look tired." She watched Hannah sink into the other low chair facing hers beside the fireplace. Hannah was much shorter than Constance, and when she sat back in the deep chair her heels barely touched the floor.

"No, you don't look at all well, Hannah. What have you been doing to yourself?" Hannah had meant to take a straight chair, but Constance had pushed this one out for her and she had sat down in it without thinking. She hated this chair. It made her feel small and awkward and as though she might never be able to get out of it again.

"I feel fine," she said. But she wondered whether she did. Now that she thought of it, she was rather tired. All the exuberance with which she had put on her new hat to go out was gone.

"I'm worried about you," Constance said. "I wish you'd let me take you away for a while." She had gone on a cruise with Constance once, some years ago, after a siege of pneumonia. She had been only nineteen then, and the thought of anything so glamorous, so romantic as the leisurely trip on the luxurious boat had been beyond her power to refuse.

But it had not been glamorous or romantic, not for Hannah. The men had all swarmed around Constance and paid no attention to Hannah at all. Sometimes when Constance said, "For heaven's sake, won't any of you boys look out for my poor little sister?" one of them would ask her to dance, and she would be so tongue-tied with embarrassment that she could not say a word.

There had been one man one evening. She had slipped away from the dancing and stood at the rail in the darkness, and he had stopped on his walk around the deck to stand beside her and talk to her.

She could never remember afterwards exactly what they had said, something about how beautiful and still the water was, and how they both liked swing music. Nothing very important, but she had suddenly been glad for the first time that she had come on the cruise.

Someone To Love

Continued from page 3

Then Constance came out looking for her, and when she saw her standing there with the strange man she said, "Hannah, dear, you shouldn't be out here in the night air; you know that. Your cough—"

Hannah asked her afterwards why she had said it. "You made it sound as though I was dying or something."

"What nonsense," Constance said. "You're just over pneumonia. Besides, you don't care what he thinks, do you?" She laughed and put her arm around Hannah. "They all told me to go out and rescue you when they saw you with him. Did you ever meet anyone in your life who looked so ridiculously meek?"

When Hannah saw him next she thought it was true. She didn't know whether he would have sought her out again, but she gave him no chance. Once or twice when she was lonely she had the urge to talk to him anyway, but then she pictured Constance laughing about it and she couldn't.

"What do you say?" Constance asked her now. "Next month's my slow season. We could go anywhere you like."

"Thanks," Hannah said. "It's



awfully good of you, but I couldn't. Apart from anything else, there's my job."

Constance gave a little disbelieving laugh.

"Your job? Good heavens, Hannah, you surely wouldn't let that stop you. Stenographers' jobs are a penny a dozen."

She was right, of course. The job was not what Hannah had hoped it was going to be. The woman at the employment agency had told her there was a real future there for a smart girl, but after five years Hannah was still only a stenographer.

Constance had warned her it would be like that, had urged her to leave and work for her in the shop, but Hannah had stayed on.

She couldn't have told why, really, except that she kept hoping that something would happen to prove Constance wrong. Sometimes she dreamed at night that the managing director had noticed her work and asked her to be his private secretary.

But she knew, really, that such a thing would never happen. She was a nice pleasant girl, but nothing special. It was the special ones, the ones like Constance, who got breaks like that.

"There's another reason why I can't go," Hannah said.

"Really?" Constance's voice was

indulgent, motherly. "What's the reason?"

Hannah tried to sit up straight in the deep chair, but she succeeded only in sliding farther back into the soft cushions. Still when she spoke, her voice had a ring to it that it had never had before.

"I'm going to be married," Hannah said.

Constance's narrow brown face turned white, and she got up out of her chair in one swift fluid motion. Hannah half expected her to say, "You're a liar, Hannah. Married! What on earth are you talking about? To whom? How can you—? Why, I didn't know you were even interested in anybody!"

"This is something I felt I wanted to keep to myself."

"But why? I don't understand. You've always shared everything with me, let me advise you, and now a thing like this—"

She stopped abruptly and sank down on a cushion at Hannah's feet and took her hands. "Forgive me, darling. What difference does it make? The only important thing is for you to be happy. I want you to tell me all about it. What does he do?"

This was not the way Hannah had wanted to tell it, but she answered, "An architect."

Constance frowned a little. "That's a pretty precarious profession, isn't it? When times are good, people build, but it's one of the first things that stops completely when times are bad." She put her other hand on Hannah's.

"Oh, my dear, you mustn't mind me. I'm just trying to look out for your happiness. I don't want you to make a mistake. You know how many times I could have been married if I'd been willing to just dash off with anyone who asked me. But I've preferred to wait, to take no one if I couldn't find the best. You're still so young—"

"I'm twenty-four," Hannah said. "And he designs public buildings, not houses. He's doing very well."

Constance started to speak, but this time Hannah interrupted her. "No, let me tell this in my own way, Constance. Let me tell it to you from the beginning."

She had seen him first, she said, in the office building where she worked, and she found out later that he had taken an office on her floor just the week before that. She began meeting him almost every day, and it was natural that after a while they should begin to talk. "Good morning," to each other, at "It's a nice day."

It began to seem to Hannah that he knew when she came in and left and that he made a point of being there. She could hardly believe this at first, because no man had ever before been attracted to her just by looking at her—no one, anyway, since that man on the cruise that time. She told herself that if he really wanted to know her better he would try to manage it somehow.

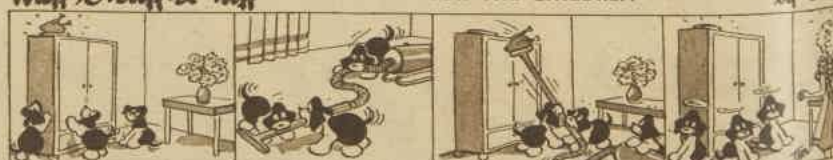
On the other hand, it seemed more than coincidence that she should meet him so often, even though he was on the same floor. And he appeared rather shy, the kind of man who might take a long time to make up his mind to go beyond a courteous greeting.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





By . . . TED
SCHURMANN

BILL JOHNS walked along the beach clad in bathing trunks and with a towel slung over his shoulder. He walked past the blonde under the big beach umbrella, and a number of questions came promptly to his mind.

Why do I go past? Why don't I stop and introduce myself to her? He asked himself. She is alone in the sunshine and so am I, so why can't we get together and enjoy each other's company?

As he passed she looked up and caught his eye. She gave him a glance briefer even than her bathing costume, but he read a wealth of meaning into that glance.

He interpreted it as saying to him: On your way, male, and stop staring at me. I don't know you and I don't want to know you, and don't you molest me.

And because of this interpretation he walked ten yards farther than he originally intended before he dropped his towel and tossed himself down on top of it, then proceeded to let the sun burn deeper into his already tanned form.

He protected his eyes with the end of his towel, lay thinking about the blonde for a while, then went to sleep.

He awoke with a start, fearing for a moment that he was on fire. He sat up quickly and saw that the

sensation had been caused by a nasty little boy playing tricks on his leg with the aid of the sun and a magnifying glass.

The little boy scuttled away as Bill sat up. Bill glared at the retreating figure, rubbed the burnt spot for a while, then stretched out again on the sand. He thought, I should have chased him and tanned the seat of his miniature bathing trunks. But I was a kid myself once, and it's very comfortable here.

Then he got back to thinking about the blonde, and then went back to sleep.

Next time it was his other leg that was stinging. His spring was tiger-like, and he had the little boy in his clutches before the latter had time even to turn round.

"Got you!" Bill said.

"So what?" said the nasty little boy. "Whatcha going to do?"

That was a problem and Bill considered it for a moment. Then a solution came to him.

"I'll have this," he said. He relieved the youngster of his magnifying glass. "Now run off before a policeman comes."

The little boy walked off with a finger in his mouth. Bill dropped the glass on the sand, covered it with his towel and got comfortable again.

He was just going to sleep once more when somebody said: "All right, wake up."

Bill slowly opened one eye, and, seeing first a pair of shapely legs and then the rest of the blonde standing over him, naturally assumed he was dreaming. But when he saw the small boy beside her, he knew he was awake.

"Would you please give Percy back his magnifying glass?"

Bill sat up. "Hullo. What—"

"You heard me. Give him his glass."

"I—"

She turned to the boy.

"Are you sure this is the man, Percy?"

"Yes," Percy said, "he hit me and then he took my magnifying glass."

"Yes, just ask him what he did to me," Bill said.

"I didn't do nothing."

"Yes he did. He burnt me."

The girl laughed. It was a musical laugh, but it didn't please Bill.

"Fancy a little childish joke like that annoying you!" she said. "Now please give him his glass, and don't waste my time!"

Bill said: "As a matter of fact I threw the glass into the water. I'm sure it's still there if you want it. And talking of wasting time, before you came I was busy having a sleep. Cheerio!"

"Oh," the blonde said.

She turned and left him and Percy left, too. Bill put his head back on his towel. And, although

"Ow!" cried the girl, sitting up abruptly as she felt her leg beginning to sting.

the sun was shining on him he gradually cooled off.

Then he began to realise what he'd done. His dream girl had actually come and spoken to him. Instead of seizing the opportunity to commence a beautiful friendship he had got heated and ticked her off.

As he thought about it he proceeded to tick himself off. She had been right, of course. Burning somebody with a magnifying glass was just a childish prank. Why, he used to do the same thing himself once. Perhaps, he figured, he could go to the girl, tell her he'd changed his mind and give her back the glass.

Slosh! Bill's thoughts were suddenly cut off. He had been soaked at close range with a jellyfish.

He sat up in time to see the boy Percy legging it along the beach. Bill sat and thought.

He picked up the magnifying glass and got to his feet. He walked down to the big beach umbrella. The girl had put away her book and was now asleep, her head shaded from the sun by the umbrella.

Bill picked a spot on her left leg, just above the ankle, and caught the sun in the glass. "Ow!" cried the girl, sitting up abruptly as her leg began to sting.

He tossed the glass on to her lap. "I found it again," he said, "the tide washed it in."

"You—you—"

"Oh, that. Just a little, childish joke. You wouldn't let that annoy you, would you?"

She glared at him. "Why don't you think up something original?"

"I don't have to. Your pal Percy thinks them up for me. Do you know where I can put my hands on a jellyfish?"

"What do you want a jellyfish for?"

"You'll see, if I find one."

"Go away," the girl said.

"Not before I tell you that if that kid—"

"I've got his magnifying glass, so you've got nothing whatever to worry about."

"Haven't I? He threw a jellyfish at me."

She laughed again.

"That's not funny," he said, and he knew his face was red through his tan, and he couldn't blame the sun for it.

"Did it get you?"

"The jellyfish? Yes, right in the face. And—"

The girl drowned what he was trying to say with more laughter.

Please turn to page 25

In the Autumn
a woman's fancy turns to Berlei



Now, when leaves turn brown and gold
and chill breezes whirl them into a bright frenzy . . .
now is the time when thoughts turn to smart clothes
for the coming Winter season. The new Autumn and Winter styles
demand a shapely figure-line — a figure-line
persuaded and guarded by the gentle influence
of a Berlei True-to-Type Foundation. There is a Berlei designed
to fit your figure perfectly.

Berlei

Foundations of Beauty

Friday's Child

THE runaway marriage of the impetuous young VISCOUNT ANTHONY SHERINGHAM ("SHERRY") and pretty HERO WANTAGE comes to grief when, following a series of Hero's social blunders, Sherry threatens to send her away to his mother.

Sherry's friends, GILBERT RINGWOOD and FERDY TAKENHAM, with whom Hero is a firm favorite, conspire together and take her secretly to Bath to LADY SALTASH, Gil's grandmother. Also in the conspiracy is LORD GEORGE WROTHAM, whose suit with lovely ISABELLA MILBORNE Hero has tried to further.

Sherry tries vainly for months to dissuade Hero. When his mother plans to make a health trip to Bath, accompanied by Isabella, he suddenly remembers that Hero was originally going there as a governess, and decides to accompany her.

Meanwhile, under Lady Saltash's patronage, Hero has resorted to her maiden name, and sedate JASPER FARLETON, a middle-aged eligible bachelor, is falling rapidly in love with her. **NOW READ ON:**

AFTER arranging with his mother the details of the trip to Bath, Sherry betook himself some to Half Moon Street, meeting in the way Lord Wrotham, who was driving his sulky down Piccadilly towards St. James' Street.

The Viscount hailed him, and he drew up. His restless, handsome countenance betrayed no pleasure in the encounter, however.

"Well, what?" he greeted his friend with a scowl.

"Oh, the devil! Are you in the sulky again?" retorted Sherry. "What a fellow you are, George! I've a deuced good mind not to tell you something you'd give a deal to hear!"

George shrugged his shoulders. "Be as you please! I don't know what should have happened to put you in spirits. When last I saw you—"

"Never mind that!" interrupted Sherry. "If you wanted to pick a quarrel with me, you should have done it then, for I was in the humor to quarrel with anyone who offered! Changed my mind now. Thought I'd like to know Isabella is back in town."

George made as if to give his horse the office to start. "If you have come smooth up to me merely to tell me that, you have wasted your time! She might be in Jericho for all I care!"

"Point is she ain't in Jericho. She's on her way to Bath with my mother. I am escorting the pair of 'em there to-morrow."

The rigid look was wiped suddenly from Lord Wrotham's face. "What?" he ejaculated.

"True as I stand here! But that isn't what I wanted to tell you. Sherry did come up to scratch. He proposed to Isabella."

George's brilliant eyes were now fixed on his face in an expression of painful eagerness. "Do you tell her she refused him?"

"That's it. Said she had liked the notion of being a duchess, but when she thought of having to live with Sherry all her life, she couldn't stomach it. Can't say I blame her."

"I don't believe it!"

"Well, you may do so. I've known Bella Milborne all my life. Very truthful girl—a dashed sight too truthful, I used to think, when we were youngsters! Besides, she told me not to repeat it. Thinks Severn wouldn't wish to have it known he'd been rejected." He frowned slightly.

"Deuce take it, I never thought I should live to feel sorry for the Incomparable, but there's no getting away from it: she's looking downright peaky! Told me she was in disgrace with Mrs. Milborne, and her father and my mother were the only people to have been kind to her. Told me something else, too, and I'll swear she meant it!"

"What else did she tell you?" demanded George.

Sherry grinned up at him. "Wouldn't you like to know? Think I'm going to betray a lady's confidence? I'm not!"

George drew a deep breath. "You said she was on her way to Bath with your mother!"

"Well, why shouldn't she be?" "But you said you was going there, too!"

"So I am. My mother's afraid of highwaymen, or some such flummery."

George frowned at him. "She can hire outriders!"

"That's what I told her, but nothing will do for her but to have me to go with her."

George's eyes were beginning to kindle. "Oh, indeed? It's something new for you to be dancing attendance on your mother, Sherry! And let me tell you now that if you are meaning to have a touch at Isabella again—"

"Go and take a damper, you fool!" retorted Sherry. "I'm a married man! What's more, if I did mean to have a touch at her, I wouldn't tell you she was on her way to Bath!"

Mollified, George begged pardon, explaining that he was so worn down that he hardly knew what he was saying. Sherry accepted this, and would have taken his leave had not George detained him to say: "I wouldn't go to Bath, if I was you, Sherry. You don't like the place. If Lady Sheringham would allow me to take you—"

"Well, she wouldn't," interrupted Sherry. "Besides, I've got a fancy to go there."

"Why?" demanded George suspiciously.

"What the deuce has it to do with you? Tired of London. Not been feeling quite the thing. Need a change."

"Yes! You will drink the waters, no doubt!" said George sardonically.

"I might," agreed Sherry. "No saying what I may not do except one thing! Make yourself easy: I don't mean to make love to the Incomparable!"

And with this, he strode on down Piccadilly, leaving George in a good deal of consternation, wondering what he should do about this turn of events. He almost reached Ryder Street, where he lodged, when he bethought himself of Mr. Ringwood. After all, it was Gil who had taken Kitten down to Bath, and it must be for Gil to decide what was now to be done.



Sherry started violently as he sighted the couple strolling along happily together.

He turned his sulky and drove back in the direction of Mr. Ringwood's lodging.

The door was opened to him by the retired gentleman's gentleman who owned the house, who conveyed to him the intelligence that Mr. Ringwood was out of town.

"Out of town!" exclaimed George indignantly. "What the devil ails him to be out of town, I should like to know?"

The owner of the house, being accustomed to the vagaries of the Quality, and knowing this particular member of the Quality of old, showed no surprise at this unreasonable explosion, but said civilly that Mr. Ringwood has gone into Leicestershire for a day's hunting, and

his mother and Miss Milborne. I see nothing for it but to post down there ahead of him, to warn Lady Sherry, in case she does not desire to see him. I shall leave town to-night. Yours, etc., Wrotham."

His lordship then folded this misgiving, affixed a wafer to it, wrote Mr. Ringwood's name on it in arresting characters, propped it up against the clock on the mantelpiece, and departed.

While George was making these arrangements, Sherry had astonished his man, Bootle, by commanding him to have everything in readiness for a journey to Bath by an early hour on the following morning.

He decided to drive himself down in his curricle, since this would frustrate at the outset any attempt on his parent's part to force him into sitting with her in the family travelling coach.

So Jason and his groom had immediately to be warned, and by the time this had been done, and the groom given his orders to arrange for suitable changes of horses at the various stages, it was going on for eight o'clock, and the Viscount began to think of his dinner.

Since Hero's disappearance it had become increasingly rare for him to dine at home. On this evening, so firmly persuaded was he that he at last had the clue to Hero's whereabouts, he felt cheerful enough to have eaten his dinner in Half Moon Street, had Mrs. Bradgate made any preparation to meet so unexpected an eventuality.

As she had not, he was obliged to go out again. He walked down to

White's and ordered the most sustaining meal he had been able to fancy for many weeks. He was finishing it when his cousin Ferdy strolled into the coffee-room.

Ferdy was engaged with a party of friends, but as they had not yet put in an appearance he sat down beside Sherry and joined him in a glass of burgundy.

"Care to see a little cocking to-morrow night, Sherry, dear old boy?" he asked, sipping his wine.

"Can't," responded Sherry briefly. "I'm off to Bath."

Ferdy choked. It took a great deal of back-slapping to restore him, and when he was at last able to catch his breath again, his eyes were watering and his countenance was alarmingly flushed.

"Well, what the deuce!" exclaimed Sherry, eyeing him in surprise.

"Crumb!" gasped Ferdy.

"Crumb? You weren't eating anything!"

"Must have been," said Ferdy feebly. "What takes you to Bath, Sherry?"

"My mother. She's putting up at Grillon's with the Incomparable. Both going to Bath to drink the waters. I'm to escort 'em."

Ferdy gazed at him in dismay. "I wouldn't do it, Sherry," he said. "You won't like it there!"

"Well, if I don't like it, I can come back, can't I?"

"Much better not go at all," said Ferdy. "Very dull sort of a place these days. Won't like the waters either."

"I ain't going to drink 'em!" "Pity to miss the cocking! Very good match!" Ferdy said, faint but pursuing.

Please turn to page 27

Page 7

Use Johnson's Prepared Paste Wax for all floors and furniture—gives a brilliant lustre that lasts and lasts!

Spring collections in London

● In their spring collections English designers use wonderful new luxurious materials in lovely pastels or deep rich colors. Seven frocks here show gowns from various famous houses and on our cover is a Hardy Amies evening-gown and a glamorous osprey-trimmed evening hat.



HARTNELL has embroidered panels as trimming for his net gown, above, and a border of embroidery outlines the deep fichu caught gracefully at the low neck.

VICTOR STIEBEL uses for this elegant evening gown, at left, very stiff slipper satin, a feature of most of the English spring collections. Uneven overskirt is very new style trend.

MATTI makes a plaid jacket, at right, with a fully flaring back and enormous sleeves. The dip to the back is one of the noticeable trends in jackets.





BIANCA MOSCA makes finely checked brocaded satin into a full-skirted evening gown, with the back-buttoning so popular this season.



CREED lines the deep bell sleeves of a loose-fitting topcoat with black velvet, and turns back the cuffs to create interesting and unusual effect of being elbow-length inside, wrist-length outside.



VICTOR STIEBEL uses an effective, deep, boat neckline, above, in a cocktail frock and hat both made of the new rich oriental patterned satin, which has luxurious metallic look glowing vividly.

HARTNELL lavishes embroidery in an all-over pattern on his azure silk tulle gown, at left, given extreme skirt fullness with layer upon layer of material. The fitted corsage has a V with a velvet collar.

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Cloaked for the evening

● Violet-blue wool makes the floor-length cape, at left, with its great fullness falling from beneath the big off-the-shoulder collar of grey fox.



● Velvet is used for the lovely full-length coat, above, with its high Empire line at the back, fox collar, and balloon sleeves caught in just below the elbow.

● Lined with satin and edged with fur, the elegant velvet stole, above, is shown worn as a hood over a satin sheath of a gown. Stoles are high fashion note.

● Stiffened interlining gives body to the velvet cape, at left, which flares and dips from a beautifully jewelled yoke, with a high, effective, Medici-like collar.

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PL 67-142

Styled in New York



● Sculptured drape of powder-blue felt is the unusual trimming on Brewster's picture bonnet made of pale pink shantung, which sits back on the head.

● Belted in front and falling in loose folds at the back Nettie Rosenblatt's black alpaca coat is made with pagoda sleeves. Taffeta bow of her dotted café-au-lait frock makes neckline interest.

● Dipping hemline is high fashion in the Earl Luick model, at left, and cut-out daisies follow the same line. Daisies are scattered casually on the wide, matching, black organza stole.

● Each of these models chosen from the New York spring collections deserves considering when you are planning your spring wardrobe. A head-hugging bonnet for day and close-fitting cap for evening are two essential head pieces, and other pictures show a resort frock, afternoon dress, cocktail costume, spring coat, and two contrasting evening-gowns.

● Fitted midriff of the printed silk afternoon frock, at right, designed by Brownie, shows Empire influence. The skirt is slim with three pleated tiers.



● Nylon pink rose petals fit snugly into each other to make Mary Goodfellow's charming close-fitting cap for concert or theatre dates. A frill of fine black lace covers nape of neck.



● One-piece cocktail costume is made with an Alencon lace bodice, topped by a bolero of navy-blue faille, to match the peg-top-style skirt on a firm waistband.

● Candy-striped pink taffeta makes Tina Leser's resort frock, worn over a pink taffeta underskirt, edged with eye-letted cotton. Pink appliqued taffeta makes bodice motif.



● All-over insertions of black lace form the pattern on Hattie Carnegie's black net evening dress, at right. Capette is fastened to the asymmetrical neck-line with small blue velvet bows, can be removed.



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WHEN it was dark enough, Chen-sa climbed the rubbed wall and crept towards the dungeon door, being careful

to keep the screen of willows between himself and the road.

His fingers clutched the two heavy keys hanging at his waist, lest they clank together and betray him.

The stone building towards which he crept was one of the city's oldest, bending black and broken against the sky. Enemy shells, a long time ago, had altered the pattern of its walls and strewn the neglected yard with debris.

But no shell had reached the barred cells of its dungeon beneath the scarred earth. These were intact.

Chen-sa crouched beside the great dungeon door, fitted the larger of his two keys into the rusted lock and turned it. His lip curled in triumph over strong yellow teeth. Getting a key to this old door had been a problem.

He closed the door behind him and locked it. Now for the first time he used his electric lamp, aiming a thread of light before him as on silent bare feet he paced down the corridor.

What a dismal place! And what idiots were the scholars and students of the city, to have imprisoned here the one man who, if they but realised it, had almost single-handedly guided them to power!

Chen-sa permitted himself a small chuckle as he advanced.

The corridor was a black and airless tunnel of stone lined on both sides with empty cells whose iron-barred doors stood open. But the door at the end was not open. As he stepped up to it, Chen-sa fingered the smaller key at his waist.

The glow of his light yellowed the cell. On a wooden bench in the corner, quietly gazing at him, sat the bent and bony man he had come to kill.

Chen-sa wore a polite smile, a smile of respect. He had practised it. "Do not be afraid," he said. "I have come to set you free."

But Dr. Hsun remained seated, frowning—a pocketknife gripped loosely in one withered hand, a bit of whittled wood in the other. "I do not know you."

"You could not know all of us. I was sent by Professor Chung, to whose house I am to take you. See—I bring food and drink to make you strong for the journey."

Chen-sa patted the spacious pocket of his mud-stained shirt where lay a small sack of food tablets, stolen months ago from an Army storehouse, and a flask of rice wine.

Dr. Hsun trembled as he leaned forward. "Professor Chung is well? He was not imprisoned?"

"He awaits you."

That last, at least, was no lie. Did not the dead always await those destined to join them? Of course.

The difficulty lay in the fact that Dr. Hsun, unlike the professor, must not die violently, else the fools who in their ignorant haste had imprisoned him might be shocked to their senses and rise behind his ghost to stand against their real enemy.

This must not happen. Nor must the venerable doctor be permitted to remain alive; for the fools, now blindly following an upstart leader

who sought only wealth and prestige, would surely see their mistake and set the good doctor free when their hold on the city was threatened.

They would need him to unite them and make them strong, to cast the bright light of his faith upon the muddled shadows of their confusion.

Chen-sa turned the key in the lock and pushed the door open, politely proffering the food tablets and flask of poisoned wine.

"You have far to go and will need strength," he said. "Eat and drink."

"That is so. My gaolers forget sometimes to come with food." Accepting the flask and tablets, Dr. Hsun sank down again on his bench.

"But the light—please. My poor eyes have been long in the dark and are feeble."

Chen-sa snapped off the light and smiled. He heard the wine gurgle in the flask and in his triumph he almost laughed aloud.

Where were they now, the fools who had warned him that Hsun was a man of great cunning—a scholar so astute that in spare time he had mastered seven tongues, and the art of painting in oils, as well as feats of sleight of hand that bewildered the eye? What would they say now, eh?

"What of Chen-sa, the bandit leader?" the old man asked. "What is heard of him?"

"He and his foreign-paid dogs are not to be feared, Dr. Hsun. They have crept away in defeat."

By HUGH B. CAVE

"If I could believe it! But while he lives there will never be peace!" "And is he so dangerous, this Chen-sa?"

"There is danger in any man who values foreign money above the land of his ancestors, my friend."

Chen-sa denied himself the luxury of sneering. Becoming impatient, he leaned forward, his thumb on the lamp switch. "Finish your wine. We must depart."

"I have finished."

Chen-sa drew in a breath of triumph as he snapped on the light. Yes, the old man was finished. The cork was back in the flask. He showed his yellow teeth as he stepped to the door. Now at last he could put aside the mask.

He slammed the door behind him and locked it. Then, mockingly, he bowed.

"I bid you farewell, Dr. Hsun. Enjoy the food tablets while you can—there was not time to poison them as the wine was poisoned. I would stay to debate the qualities of Chen-sa with you, but I, Chen-sa, have much to do before another day departs. My followers await me and the city waits to be taken."

Dr. Hsun, the flask still clutched in one withered hand, only stared at him from the bench.

Chen-sa hurried down the corridor, triumphant. He was chuckling now. The fools, to think that he, Chen-sa, could not successfully match wits with a feeble old man.

At the dungeon door he looked back and sent a peal of laughter through the black tunnel—a farewell to his doomed foe. Then he groped for the key.

But the key he thrust into the door did not fit, and when he fumbled for the other one he failed

"I have come to set you free," Chen-Sa told the old man.

to find it. It should have hung there at his waist, but the thong was empty. The key had come unfastened. He had dropped it.

He strode back to the cell. His light shone on the face of his victim, still seated on the bench against the far wall. It yellowed the floor. There was no key on the floor.

"The key to the outer door, old man?" Chen-sa said impatiently. "Give it to me!" Then he saw it. It lay on the bench beside the prisoner, and an inch of thong was still attached to it.

It had not come unfastened then. It had been cut—slyly and secretly cut during those moments of darkness when the old man had sipped his poisoned wine and the key had dangled within reach of his knife.

"So," Chen-sa marvelled. "You knew me!"

"No, I did not know you. But Professor Chung would have sent a message, a sign of some sort. One learns to think of little things, my friend, and to test the depth of the water before plunging."

"Give me the key!"

"Come and take it."

Chen-sa snorted. The fool, to think he could defend himself with a mere pocket knife, when even now the poisoned wine was eating his ancient life away. Chen-sa gripped the key at his waist and jabbed it at the cell door. But the lock refused it.

The old man only sat and watched.

In a crouch, with his convulsed face close to the lock, Chen-sa tried again—and saw that the lock of the cell door had been plugged. A bit of wood—the same, no doubt, on which the old man had been whittling—had been thrust into the slot and rammed home with force enough to spread it.

For a moment he tried to pound the plug loose, using the key and his fist. But his efforts only spread the soft wood more.

Chen-sa raged up and down the dark tunnel. He hammered the outer door of the dungeon with his fists and stormed at the door of the cell with knees and elbows. Behind one door lay freedom, unattainable. Behind the other lay the key to the first, also unattainable, and the unmoving figure of Dr. Hsun, who only watched him. The patience of China lay behind Hsun's gaze.

In time the electric lamp dimmed and the dungeon was in darkness. Then at last the old man in the cell stirred himself.

"I am grateful for the tablets of food," he said. "They will keep me alive perhaps until my people discover wisdom again and come for me. If not, no great harm will have been done. Even without me, they will in time solve their problems if you, Chen-sa, are restrained from interfering."

"As for you, my friend"—and something slid through a small wicket under the locked door of the cell to nudge the foot of Chen-sa, who sat disconsolate in the lightless corridor—"you may have the wine, only a little of which I poured on the floor. Perhaps you will have need of it."

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PRINCESS MARGARET surrounded by laughing group of her friends at a ball in Bloomsbury. On her right is the Marquess of Blandford. At far right of picture is Mr. Tom Egerton.

Princess Margaret will have less gaiety now



AT A BALL in Glasgow. The Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, with whom Princess Margaret recently stayed at Drumlanrig Castle, is second from left in this party.

Turning to path of Royal duty to help her mother and sister

By MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

Princess Margaret, who for the past year has been enjoying a natural teen-age interest in beaux, dancing, and dress, is now being encouraged to take a more serious view of life.

She may have continued on her merrier way if the King's recent illness, making it necessary for him to relinquish many of his public duties, had not thrown such a heavy burden on the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, who is already preoccupied with her husband and young baby.

COURT officials have not denied the report that the King and Queen recently decided it was time the Princess concentrated on the strict line of Royal duty rather than on parties, nightclubs, theatres, and country week-ends.

Latest reports of her activities show that such a policy is being carried out.

Romanticists will sigh, as the 18-year-old Princess has been a light-hearted tonic in the dreariness of the postwar world.

As the world's most eligible girl, who is pretty, photogenic, and vivacious into the bargain, it was inevitable that she should be associated with glamor in its most royal sense.

Her admiring public has smiled tolerantly at her reported rebellious attitude to strict Court etiquette and decorum; smiled again at suggestions of a slight precocity; and raised a storm of protest at a newspaper report that Their Majesties had had to reprove their daughter for leading a gay life with too many late nights.

The loyal British public thought the report might be taken to imply that the Royal parents needed to control their daughter more sternly, and made it clear, with a flood of letters to the Press, that they

heartily approved of the amusements the Princess enjoyed.

No doubt these signs of approval of the Princess' behaviour were noted by Court advisers, as public opinion has quite an influence on both unofficial and official doings of the Royal Family.

But in the past few weeks the pretty Princess Margaret is making headlines more in the path of official duty than in social life.

In one week recently her programme included an inspection of Scotland Yard; a long and tiring tour of a Battersea power-house; a two-hour conducted trip through a vast Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia; and a visit to the gallery of the House of Commons, where she listened to a particularly dry debate on the defence estimates.

Another week she was reported to have made a two-hour visit to the Old Bailey while a murder trial was in progress, and to have attended Children's Court proceedings, where she heard the magistrate commit an uncontrollable girl to a home of correction.

All of which is a far cry from the keen romantic speculations which have been featured in English, American, and Continental newspapers.

Matchmakers have had a picnic, in the past year tipping no fewer than 11 young eligibles as the man



DANCING THE SAMBA with one of her escorts at the British Empire Nurses War Memorial Fund "Thank-You-Nurse" Ball in London.

of Princess Margaret's choice. Of these, King Michael of Rumania and the Earl of Derby have since married, leaving nine.

Prince George of Denmark, who was appointed to his country's London Embassy at his own request, publicly denied he had asked for the

appointment because he was courting the Princess.

That left eight. The Marquess of Milford Haven, another close friend of the Royal Family, smiles his twinkling smile at the rumors linking his name with Princess Margaret's, and is still



LORD HAREWOOD, 26-year-old cousin of Princess Margaret, accompanied her to the Fortune Theatre, London, to see the opera "Prima Donna."



ATTENDED TRIAL. Princess Margaret leaving the Old Bailey, where she listened to evidence on attempted murder.

according to Court friends, as staunch a bachelor as ever.

The remaining seven have been discussed in approximately this order of favor: The Marquess of Blandford, 22-year-old blond, baby-faced, six-foot-two Guards officer, heir to Blenheim; the 25-year-old Earl of Dalkeith, heir to half a million acres in eight counties, with whose family Princess Margaret has stayed; Lord Forchester, Lord John Hope, Lord Ogilvy, the Hon. Julian Fane, and Mr. Tom Egerton, all members of her circle of friends.

American stories describing Lord Dalkeith, who took her to see the latest Danny Kaye film, Mr. Julian Fane, who was her escort to the ballet, and Mr. Tom Egerton, with whose parents she stayed recently for a week-end in Sussex, as her "new boy-friends," have given the Princess a lot of amusement.

However, English readers were far from amused when a British newspaper applied the same description, "new boy-friend," to Mr. Tom Egerton, in a caption to a photograph showing the two together at Lingfield races. Hundreds of protests caused the paper to apologise for its "lamentable lapse in taste."

It is suggested that the Princess is more interested in dancing than in thinking of marriage yet.

Meanwhile Margaret keeps them guessing, an apparent belief that there is safety, or at least diversion, in numbers.

Editorial

APRIL 2, 1949

ATLANTIC PACT

WITHIN the next week or so, the Atlantic Pact will be signed to link the Western European nations with U.S. and Canada in a defensive alliance.

While the final meetings and last controversies concerned with this Pact have been attracting world attention, less public moves have been made in the Pacific toward some similar arrangement here.

Lord Listowel's mission to Australia is part of these preliminaries.

Two such pacts will provide some comforting sense of unity among the nations. But they are only a second-best solution of global problems.

It is the prime tragedy in postwar life that real world unity has not been achieved. The failure to agree at U.N.O. has brought into being the Atlantic Pact.

Looking on the dismal side, the Pact seems a union in strength against a possible aggressor, rather than a contribution to peace. More happily, it may be viewed as a deterrent to aggression and a protection to each member against being a lonely target for the atomic bomb.

Whatever the view, it is vital that members must never be content with such pacts. They must never abandon the ideal of complete union.

Many people believe it is impossible to achieve co-operation with Russia. But to accept that defeat is to confirm the division of the world into two opposing camps.

Life can never be secure and happy again under those conditions.



RELAXATION FOR PIANIST Aleksandr Helmann and his pretty wife as they feed their horses at their home in Norfolk.



LEFT BEHIND. Helmann had to leave this good friend behind when he left for Australia. He is travelling in the Strathaird.

Helmann to tour Australia

Public acclaim came slowly to shy pianist

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

World-famous pianist Aleksandr Helmann, who is travelling to Australia in the Strathaird, installed a clavichord in his cabin so that he could practise during the voyage.

MADE in Nuremberg in the early 18th century, about the time Bach was writing his 48 preludes and fugues, this clavichord is one of Helmann's dearest possessions.

His expressive face glowed with enthusiasm as he described it to me just before he left London.

He told me, too, that he had four other pianos at his new home in Gledstone, Norfolk.

His home is another source of joy to him. He says it is a jewel—a musician's ideal.

A huge Georgian place, he and his wife discovered it a few weeks ago.

"We were lucky to get it," Helmann said. "It was specially built for a musician. The music-room is lofty and is about 38ft. long, and almost as wide."

"Sometimes I am at one of my pianos at 8 a.m., and still going late into the night."

One of Helmann's Norfolk neighbors is the Earl of Leicester, whose magnificent country home is the third largest in England.

The Earl recently invited him over for the week-end to play for the Royal Family, who were staying there.

Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret are particular admirers of his work. Earlier he had been invited to Sandringham to play for them.

Helmann married one of his greatest English fans—petite, fair-haired Oxford graduate in economics, Sheila Krance-Jones. He met her just before the war.

As Mrs. Helmann is engaged on a time and motion study for a big



HELMANN AT THE SPINET. The famous pianist is proud of his collection of ancient and modern pianos.

West End firm, she is unable to make the Australian tour with her husband.

The shy, Russian-born musician told me that he first started tinkering on his father's piano and making up his own compositions in sonata form at the age of three.

That was at his home in Russia, where his father was professor at the Conservatoire in Katerinaslav, near Kiev.

"My father looked askance at child prodigies," Helmann laughed. "But when, eighteen months later, I had collected quite a few of my own little compositions, he decided that I needed instruction to prevent my developing any bad musical habits."

"So, at the age of four and a half, I had to pass the very stiff entrance exam for the Conservatoire. One had to be a soloist with an orchestra, and to play a concerto."

"My fellow pupils were all between sixteen and eighteen. When I was six, I used to tour in concerts."

"My father would come on to the platform and ask the audience to give me themes. I improvised on these, and they usually ended up as a three or four part fugue."

"My family escaped from Russia in 1921, when I was nine and I toured the rest of Europe," he said.

"Actually I am an American citizen. I went there when I was 15, and won a scholarship to enter a big musical institute."

After a year young Helmann was requested to leave the institute, and he was heartbroken.

"To me it was the end of the world," he said. "I contemplated killing myself."

"I had a will very much of my own those days, and I wanted to know all the whys and wherefores of music."

"My father wrote, asking why I had been relieved of my scholarship, and when he got a reply hinting that I would never succeed as a musician he accepted it as a direct challenge," the pianist recalled.

Helmann, Senior, was right. Two years later, as a youth of 18, his son was being acclaimed by critics after his New York debut.

In a Chopin recital he was hailed as "the young Chopin come to life." Since then he has gone from success to success. From 1934 until the war, Helmann's concert appearances throughout Europe won him critical recognition as one of the most outstanding pianists of the day.

Rejected as medically unfit for service, he spent the war years giving recitals for the United States armed forces.

On his first post-war European tour, his reception was either exceptionally enthusiastic or wildly lyrical.

Gradually the wider public is beginning to share in the critical raptures which greet him everywhere.

This process has been slow because of his retiring disposition, which is the despair of his agents.

Helmann is musically daring, and he will include in his Australian repertoire a large proportion of contemporary works in addition to old favorites.

He is also to play from the original manuscript the work of Swedish composer Johann Heinrich Roman, whom he discovered ten years ago. It is a sonata written in 1728 which has never been published.

He plans to introduce to Australian audiences that most hotly debated form in contemporary music known as "the twelve-tone technique" or "atonal" music.

"I believe we should welcome new works, because they present a challenge to us," he smiled. "We must always be willing to experience them."

Interesting People



MR. JUSTICE G. S. REED
... new secret service chief

NEWLY appointed Director-General of Australian Security Service, Mr. Justice G. S. Reed, 56, was granted 12 months' leave from the S.A. Supreme Court Bench to establish and organise peacetime secret service. Educated at Prince Alfred College and Adelaide University, he was prominent K.C. before receiving appointment to Bench. Mr. Justice Reed is World War I veteran, a keen golfer, is married and has a son and a married daughter.



MISS LILLIAN GILLESPIE
... Y.W.C.A. director

SUCCESSOR Miss Alice Butler, who has returned to America, Miss Lillian Gillespie has been appointed executive director of the Y.W.C.A., Sydney. Miss Gillespie is an Englishwoman who came to Sydney in 1930. She has held posts of head deaconess and education director of Sydney Y.W.C.A., and during the war was vice-president of W.A.N.S. in W.A. She holds M.A. degree, taken with honors in science and literature at Cambridge.



MR. JOHN ELLIOT
... railway development expert

ENGLISH railway expert, Mr. John Elliot, a £6500 a year man in England, has come to Australia, without a fee, to advise Victorian Government on traffic and rolling stock problems. Aged 53, he was educated at Marlborough and Sandhurst, served in World War I, and later worked as journalist. In 1925 he joined the advertising staff of the Southern Railway, and is now chief regional officer of the Southern Region, England.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By Gus.

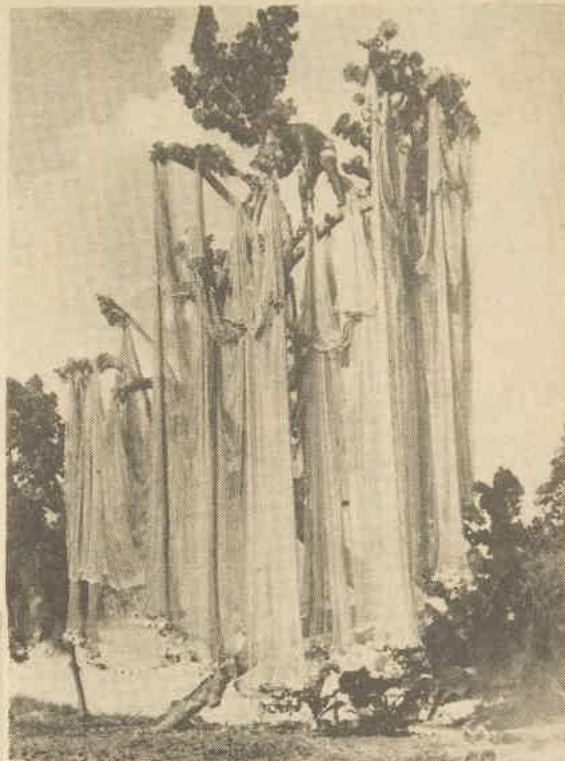
Gave up job to cruise round South Sea Islands



COCONUT CREAM being made by a Tahitian girl from grated coconut squeezed through a cloth.



CUSTOMERS are warned of arrival of Chinese baker boy in Tahiti by his blowing on a conch shell.



FISHING NETS drying at Taupira, Tahiti. Some of the nets are 400 yards long.

Former insurance inspector lived in Rarotonga for a few shillings a week

Visions of South Sea Islands, where waves lap gently on lagoon-sheltered beaches, beckon alluringly to everyone at some time or another, but only one in a million answers the call.

Harold Pollock, a New Zealander in his early thirties, did so. He had a steady, well-paid job as an insurance inspector in Dunedin when he made up his mind to fulfil his dream of roving through the South Sea Islands.

"I HAVE always valued adventure and experience far more than money," he said.

So far he has been to Rarotonga and other islands in the Cook Group, Tahiti, Fiji, Wallis and Futuna Islands, the New Hebrides, and the Barrier Reef.

Every now and then he returns to civilisation for a while. He came to Sydney recently after a 2000-mile voyage in *Nes*, 68-foot schooner owned by Mr. Stuart Sommerville.

Richly sun-tanned, with a healthy sparkle in his eye, lithe and lean, Harold Pollock smiled happily as he said, "The reality has been better than any dream."

A rummage through second-hand book shops provided Pollock with textbooks on celestial navigation for about £3. He bought a sextant for £5, and, giving up his job, swotted for four months until he had mastered the subject, which is necessary knowledge for deep-sea sailing.

This, perfect health, and some experience in small yachts on Auckland Harbor were his chief assets.

A friend, Jack Rolley, decided to share the great adventure, and the two booked passages for Rarotonga on a small trading boat.

On this tiny island, with only about 30 miles of coastline, they lived in a South Sea paradise.

They rented a native house for £1 a month, and were given baskets of oranges, papaws, mangoes, tomatoes, coconuts, and fish.

They always had more than they could eat.

Fellow-passengers on the boat to Rarotonga who stayed at the hotel, paying about £5 a week, complained there was nothing to do, and the food was uninteresting.

"I took a few snapshots of some of the natives, and the fruit was their way of saying thanks," Mr. Pollock said.

"A young native schoolteacher I taught to type on an old machine he had kept up our fish supply."



UKULELES - PLAYING helped Harold Pollock to make friends with natives. Other pictures on this page were taken by him.

"Before long we were allowed to join native fishing expeditions, and they taught us to climb palms for coconuts, and to make coconut cream."

"You do this by grating coconut flesh and squeezing it tightly through a cloth. Poured over a big bowl of tropical fruits it makes a wonderful fruit salad."

"I've never tasted anything like this cream. It is so easily digested that, broken down with coconut water, it is given to babies."

"We lived in our shorts, swimming in lagoons whenever we felt like it."

"I have never felt healthier, and, in my opinion, the only reason most white people can't stand the tropics is that they try to live the wrong way, sitting on verandahs, sipping drinks."

"Jack and I neither smoked nor



SAILS of 68 ft. schooner *Nes* billow out as she cruises off Magnetic Island.

drank. We lived on coconuts, fruit, fruit juices, fish, eggs, bread-fruit instead of bread, honey instead of sugar.

"In the three months we were on Rarotonga we bought hardly anything from the store."

The two men spent a good deal of their time writing, photographing, and learning the customs and language of the natives.

"Once you know a little Maori it is fairly easy to get a smattering of other Polynesian languages," Harold Pollock said.

"For instance, the word for girl in Maori is 'wahine.' In Tahitian it is 'vahine,' and in the Wallis Island language it is 'fafine.'"

Harold Pollock and Jack Rolley might be in Rarotonga still, but they could not resist the urge to see other islands.

Away from it all

"WE found that the farther you get from civilisation, the healthier and happier the natives are," Pollock said.

"Wherever we were, we lived off the island, if possible. I do not believe in buying tinned foods from the boats or stores."

"The natives were always friendly, gave us everything they could, and invited us to stay with them."

An important piece of luggage on

all journeyings was the library trunk. Harold Pollock's favorites are Jack London, Herman Melville, and Robert Keable.

"But in most places we were able to get reading matter by borrowing from resident whites," he said. "In Tahiti especially I had a wonderful time browsing in the library collected by Robert Keable, who wrote 'Simon Called Peter,' 'Tahiti, Isle of Dreams,' and other books."

"I was invited by his widow, who is now married to a Frenchman, to Papeari, Keable's beautiful house. I often played billiards on the table he had installed there."

When he was in Mackay (Queensland) before making his trip to Tahiti, Pollock met Stuart Sommerville, who was there at the time in his luxury yacht, *Nes*, valued at £15,000.

The *Nes* created enormous interest in Mackay, and fascinated Pollock, who, like everyone else, went down to look her over, and was invited on board.

He and Sommerville kept in touch by letter, and when planning a cruise to the Coral Sea Sommerville wired Pollock asking if he would join the crew, an invitation which he eagerly accepted.

"*Nes* is superbly equipped for ocean sailing. She is a real luxury boat, with rock gas cylinder cooking, shower bath, furniture upholstered in English tapestry, and thick carpets," Pollock said.

"We cruised from Cairns to Vila in the New Hebrides."

"Right in the middle of the Coral Sea, at least 300 miles from the nearest land, we stopped and dived overboard to swim in the 2000-fathom-deep glassy water."

"We travelled 2000 miles in 19 days."

"The most primitive natives I have ever seen were those on Futuna," he said. Pollock visited this island and Wallis Island at the invitation of the Governor, after his Coral Sea cruise.

It is not possible to go to either without permission. Boats call at Futuna only twice a year, as a rule.

Outstandingly beautiful amid Pollock's memories of the South Seas are the night watches he spent steering by the stars, in calm weather, with everyone else asleep below. The months he had put in studying navigation seemed very worth while then.

READER'S COLOR PICTURES

WE have made the second selection from color transparencies sent in by readers in answer to our request. They will appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* issue of May 21, as a cover and page.

The cover picture is a child study photographed by Shaughn Lowry, "Somerset," King Street, Dundas, New South Wales.

On the page are two groups of children. One was photographed by A. H. Trewin, Dookie Agricultural College, Victoria, and the other by A. G. Colbourn, 7 Queen Street South, Ballarat East, Victoria.

Readers may continue to submit transparencies, but should note that we are not accepting any overseas scenes, and Australian scenes only if they have exceptional artistic value. We are specially interested in human-interest pictures. Postage for return of pictures must be included.

Fashion Flashes

BY LUX

Fairway

Fresh and sweet as a clover field. Welled neck and hemline... new slashed pocket... this bit of hand-knit enchantment is an exclusive Lux model. Like all woolies, it will stay lovely far longer if you wash it with Lux instead of harsh soaps.



Showing a pretty leg

... is easy if you know how. What to do? Just Lux your stockings after every wearing... silks, rayons and nylons. That way they look sleeker... last twice as long (tests prove it!)



Countess

... an exclusive Lux model. Regal beauty for spectator sports. Swan-white yoke... crested pocket... inverted pleats to point up a slim waist. Only Lux care for this aristocrat, please! That way it will stay like new for seasons.

Sweet as a prayer

Modest monk-like blouse of the winging caplet collar and flowing ruff of cuff. How to keep it charming! Regular dips in safe, gentle Lux whisk out harmful perspiration... keep fabrics new, colours fresh and glowing.



THAT SMART LOOK - IT'S THE LUX LOOK

WORTH Reporting

A CANBERRA department store now employs an interpreter every Saturday morning to help the large number of foreigners in the town to do their shopping.

There are more than 700 foreign migrants in Canberra, some of them with no English, or very little.

Mrs. Sapiets, a Latvian, was engaged by the store to interpret. She studied languages at Riga University, speaks English, German, Russian, and Polish, besides her own language.

Although she has been in Australia only six months, her English is excellent.

Many of the migrants had found shopping difficult. Although learning English, they met difficulties in sizes, colors, and styles of clothing.

At first the men had left the shopping to the womenfolk, but now, with Mrs. Sapiets' help, they often make purchases for their wives.

One Pole, who had been a radio technician during the war, wanted to build a radio for himself, and Mrs. Sapiets was able to get him the necessary parts.

Another Polish migrant wanted to buy curtains for his room at Riverside Hotel to "make it look like home."

With Mrs. Sapiets' help, he chose a blue-and-white floral pattern, worked out the correct length, and went off happily to make them by hand with the help of a friend.

Taxi men found new kittens for cat

A WELL-MANNERED community of cats who keep down rats at the Yellow Cab Company's garage in Melbourne is ruled over by a comely tabby, affectionately distinguished as The Cat.

Over the years her strong maternal instinct has won the warmest regard of even cab-drivers who were formerly cat-haters.

That's why there was such consternation recently when real tragedy came into the life of The Cat.

A rat, continuing the racial war, nipped the throat of The Cat's five new-born kittens when she was absent for a few minutes.

The demented mother carried the dead kittens from their box and held a "wake" in the middle of the garage.

All day she was inconsolable. Her pitiful wailing was too much for the taxi men. They held a hurried conference.

The next morning The Cat lay in her box, again purring contentedly. Round her wriggled seven kittens of miscellaneous ages and parentage, collected by drivers to help her forget.

Lending library of records

WHEN borrowers walk into the State Library at Hobart their request is just as likely to be for the latest recording of the Sibelius Violin Concerto as for a book.

A lending library of records, modelled on a similar library at Westminster, England, was instituted by the State Library towards the end of last year and soon had a long list of subscribers.

The British Arts Council sent a gift of 363 English recordings and there have been many Australian additions. The records cater for the average music-lover, although there are some of the lesser-known works of modern British composers.

The discs are lent free of charge to city borrowers for 10 days and to country borrowers for 14 days, excluding transit time. The country music enthusiasts pay the return freight.

New recordings are being added to the library all the time and library officials say that, so far, damage to the records is negligible.

The Library also holds music evenings in its hall. Balanced programmes, presented by qualified annotators, are so popular that audiences are issued with tickets for a particular session to avoid disappointment and overcrowding.



"Everything will be exactly as you ordered it, sir. I'll give these instructions to the chef personally."

Improving design of leather goods

MRS. E. STEWART, publicity officer of the Leather Export Corporation of England, who is visiting Australia and New Zealand, told us of the research work behind the production of women's leather goods.

Special officers of the corporation, she told us, walk about the streets, visit restaurants and hotel lounges to find out exactly what women need in bags, gloves, shoes, and luggage.

"For instance, we noticed that women always fumble awkwardly with narrow openings in handbags," she said.

"So we have now designed this bag with a full, pouched bottom and a frame which opens wide so that all the bag's contents are easily accessible."

To illustrate her point she opened her own handbag, which opens almost flat.

"Then we watched women tottering along on high heels with all their weight thrown forward and we set to work to make shoes with heels just as high, but with the weight equally balanced on heels and soles."

Mrs. Stewart said that it has been found that clothes crush if they are packed on the flat bottom of a suitcase. She showed us the travelling case which she had brought from England. It has a padded base, which keeps clothes creaseless.

A SMALL boy taken out to dine at a Melbourne hotel and asked by the waiter what he would like, pointed to crumb outlets on a nearby diner's plate and said: "I want chops with savolust on."

Housewives earn pin-money at home

HOUSEWIVES in the vicinity of button factories in Sydney aug-

ment their pin-money by stitching buttons and buckles on to cards in their spare time.

For buttons they are paid 9d. a gross. A little more is paid for buckles. Buttons, card, and thread are delivered to homes within a radius of two miles of the factory.

Most of the work is done in odd intervals, while baby is asleep, or by wives whose husbands do shift work or are on night duty. At one factory a young policeman calls for and delivers his wife's "homework."

Some of the consignments are returned so quickly that managers suspect father and the youngsters are put on to the job—and perhaps auntie and grandma.

Woman's lifetime of social service

A VISIT made out of curiosity to a factory hands' dance, held in the East End of London, started Miss Muriel Lester on a lifetime of social service work which has taken her to most countries of the world.

Miss Lester, who is an active 68 years old, was anxious to talk of her first love, the Cockney people of the London East End, when we met her soon after she arrived to arrange a two months' lecture tour of Australia and New Zealand.

Her trip is made officially as travelling secretary of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, an organisation which bases its works on the belief of universal brotherhood.

"My visit to the factory dance in London 47 years ago was my first social meeting with the poor and underprivileged," Miss Lester said. "I was profoundly shocked to see how pale and thin they were, and I asked myself why."

Miss Lester said she found out that many families living in the slum areas of London ate, lived, and slept as many as 12 to a room. In the evenings they had nowhere to go but the streets.

To help these people, Miss Lester and her sister established a social centre called Kingsley Hall, which became famous for its welfare work in the East End.

"It is a people's house," she said. "All are welcome to come and make it a social centre, to learn handicrafts and hobbies, and to spend their spare time with us."

Later Miss Lester became an alderman of the Council of Poplar Borough, and worked towards bettering social conditions in the community.

Gandhi, on his visit to London in 1931 to attend the Round Table Conference, chose to stay at Kingsley Hall in preference to the luxurious accommodation offered the delegates.

"He had heard of our work, and said he would sooner stay with us than anywhere else," Miss Lester said.

Introducing "Rivets," a family dog

THIS week we introduce a new joke feature, "Rivets." Rivets, a wire-haired terrier, makes his first appearance on this page.

He is a family dog, joining in all the family activities—definitely all as this week's drawing shows.

Week by week you'll meet the rest of the household that owns Rivets—or perhaps we should say the household Rivets owns.

There are father and mother, a grown-up family and one small son. We're not too sure which is really Rivets' favorite, but we rather think it's the small boy.

RIVETS



The Australian Women's Weekly — April 2, 1949



HAPPY BRIDE. Mrs. John Minter signs the register after her marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point, while her husband looks over her shoulder. Bride, formerly Patricia Marsland, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Marsland, of Vaucluse.



PICNIC RACE BALL. Margaret Crisp, of Glen Innes, Barbara Wisheart, of Nowra, John Crisp, Yass, and Judith Hall, of Yass, at the Canberra Picnic Race Ball, which was held in the Queanbeyan Show Pavilion.



GENTLEMAN JOCKEY. Owen Merriman, who had four wins, including the Cup, at the Canberra Picnic Races, snapped with his mother, Mrs. E. J. Merriman, of Ravensworth, Yass, and his pretty wife, Jill.



IN ADELAIDE. Mrs. Douglas Bray, wife of well-known New South Wales polo player, with Mrs. Maurice Bellemans at the Australasian Gold Cup Polo Carnival at Birrkalla Polo Grounds, South Australia.

Intimate Gittings

AUTUMN nip in air for first time this year brings out winter woollens when crowds of visitors and Canberra "locals" attend Canberra Picnic Races.

Tartans were a sure winner and were worn by many lovely lasses. Also brought luck to Bob Stewart when his horse, "Rum Punch," sailed away with jockey Owen Merriman wearing tartan colors.

Although there was a nip in the air, the sun shone brightly, and racers spread rugs by cars and consumed picnic lunches on the course.

Governor-General and Mrs. McKell attended and were entertained by "picnics" president Brigadier J. R. Broadbent and Mrs. Broadbent. Brigadier Broadbent gave dinner dance at "Gloucester" after races, where hillbilly guitarist J. W. Kelly, of Birrong, complete with "Tom Mix" sombrero and six-shooter, entertained 200 guests.

LATER guests attended ball in Queanbeyan show pavilion, where they danced till the chilly dawn.

Most striking figure at the ball was Doomi Bedi, son of the Indian High Commissioner, with his colorful Indian headress. Pretty Sydney girls Jan Crossling, Bev Coles, and Rosemary Turnbull brought up their prettiest frocks for the party, and didn't seem to go short of partners through the evening. In fact, they were surrounded each time I caught a glimpse of them.

Some lovely frocks worn at ball. Noticed Joan Snow, of Cuppacumbalong, in off-the-shoulder pink embroidered taffeta. Joan is busy getting ready for Royal Show, when she will come to Sydney and show her father's Hereford cattle. Another pretty lass, Ann Potts, of Canberra, wore green and white candy stripes.

Lots of houseparties in district. The Fields, Betty, Tom, and Ross, entertained group of friends at "Lanyon" for the few days of festivities.

HEAR from Peter Sellars that her mother, Mrs. J. A. Sellars, and sister Jackie are coming home in Oracles in July. Peter lunches at Romano's with Mrs. Ian Marshall, who has just moved into her new home.

ATTRACTIVE Angela Dale resigns from job as secretary to Mr. R. G. Casey to embark on whirl of trousseau shopping for her marriage to Tony Shepherd at St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne, on May 5. They're speeding up the wedding so that Tony's sister, Mrs. Rex Madoc, can attend before she leaves to rejoin her husband in Malta two days after ceremony. Tony, who has been living in Melbourne for about twelve months since his return from England, is eldest son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Cyril Shepherd, Darling Point. Angela is only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Norman Dale, Hamilton, Victoria. After marriage they'll live at Tony's flat in Mathoura Road, Toorak, until they find a house.

CONGRATULATIONS for the Ron Eatons on the birth of their son at King George 5th Hospital. Mrs. Eaton formerly attractive Sydney mannequin Betty Girling.



SMILING GROUP. Polo player Bob Ashton chats with Mrs. Tom Bray, his wife Jane, and Mrs. Bob Mackay during Australasian Gold Cup Polo Carnival at Birrkalla, South Australia.



ENGAGED. Hilda Brown and fiance Ernest Carpenter celebrate announcement of their engagement at Prince's. Hilda is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown, of Enfield, and Ernest is youngest son of Mrs. B. M. Carpenter, of Burwood, and late Mr. A. T. Carpenter. Hilda's ring is sapphire with baguettes of diamonds and surrounded by small diamonds. They plan November wedding.

WE'RE giving each other half a portable radio for a wedding present," pretty Betty Harmston tells me when I ask her about plans for her wedding this Saturday with Dr. Tom Robertson.

Betty tells me she and Tom plan honeymoon on North Coast for month, spending two weeks of the time at Yamba. Early next year she and Tom will go to England, where he will do post-graduate course.

The portable radio has been bought with an eye to both trips—the honeymoon and the trip abroad. Couple will marry at St. James' Church, King Street, and Betty will continue with her work in the Pathology Department of Sydney Hospital until they leave for overseas.

DATES for your diary: Afternoon tea at "Girraween," Killara, this Wednesday, arranged by Barker College Mothers' Association as farewell to Mrs. W. S. Leslie, who, with her husband, headmaster of Barker College, will leave in Strathaird on trip to England in April. . . . The Australian-American Musical Evening to be held at Australia Hotel this Thursday. . . . Old Sydneys' Union Jubilee Ball at the Trocadero on April 5.

WEARING lovely emerald engagement ring is Dinah Gray, of Murrumbidgee, whose engagement to Michael Cadell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Cadell, of Quirindi, has been announced. Dinah has just returned from England, where she has been with her father, Dr. Gray.

CARAVAN trip for David and Bevely Wilson, who were recently married at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Couple will make their home at Kirribilli.

HISTORICAL interest in property recently bought by Victorian Liberal member Jo Gullett and his charming wife, in Canberra. Property is "Lambrigg" station, which over fifty years ago was owned by William Farrer. It was there he experimented to produce his famous rust-resistant wheat, and his laboratory still stands as part of the original homestead. Of more recent years "Lambrigg" has been owned by Mrs. Merivale and the late George Merivale. Jo is not unfamiliar with the land, as he worked on his late father's (Sir Henry Gullett) station at Yea, Victoria, which he sold before he entered Parliament.



VISITING PRODUCER. Tyrone Guthrie, who came to Australia at invitation of British Council to advise on establishment of Australian National Theatre, met Mrs. Stephen Roberts (left) and Mrs. Roy McKerihan at party given by Arts Council of Australia to welcome him.



RECEPTION AT AMORY. Mr. and Mrs. Harley Goodsall with their attendants, Mrs. Don Glasson and John Appleton, at reception following wedding at St. Anne's, Strathfield. Jean is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ashcroft, of Strathfield.

"My husband's a different man!"

Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes:
 "My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after the Menthoids treatment, he is a different man.
 I thank you sincerely."

This human document shows the good that Menthoids can do—and that you can recommend this famous treatment to those of your friends who suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, etc

Menthoids will help you, too!

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

Here are several more reports on the Menthoid treatment:



A country woman writes:

"... I feel I owe Menthoids a debt of gratitude for the relief I have obtained, and will surely advise others to try them. The price is within the reach of all. My neuritis is also much improved and I have so far lost the very bad backaches I used to get."



This overseas visitor writes:

"I have just returned home after a holiday in Australia. I have been suffering from rheumatism for several years. Your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids were recommended to me by a friend in Sydney. I have taken them for two months. I have found them so beneficial I should be glad if you will forward to me sufficient for two more months' treatment."



From the Blue Mountains this lady writes:

"Last year I had kidney trouble and cystitis very badly. I couldn't go anywhere, as I couldn't sit in a car or walk about; it was just misery. One of his friends told my husband about Menthoids, and he bought some Menthoids coming home from work. I took them for two months and gradually they cleared the trouble away, till now I am quite free of it. I am one person who is very grateful for Menthoids. I still take Menthoids, because they keep me free from acidity and constipation."

If you or your friends suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, the Menthoid Treatment will help you, too.

How the Menthoid Treatment acts



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

This simple home treatment contains no dangerous drugs and may be taken by the most delicate patients.

In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and blood stream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Menthoids act quickly and progressively, reducing the level of poisonous toxins in your body, relieving your aches and pains and making you feel happy and well again.



Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES,
 BOX 4155, G.P.O., SYDNEY

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Someone To Love

HANNAH tried to think of some way she could encourage him without appearing bold, but she didn't know much about that sort of thing.

Men frightened her, as a rule. She felt self-conscious with them, unsure.

There was something different about this man, though. She had an idea that she would be at ease with him, at her best instead of her worst. She couldn't have told exactly why, unless it was because he seemed so much less arrogant and confident than most men, because he had such a warm, eagerly friendly and yet diffident smile.

His name was Alan Tierney, and she judged that he was about thirty. He was not exactly handsome, but, as Constance had told her, a handsome man is often insufferable. Alan had a good face rugged the way a man's face should be, full of humor and kindness and—well, charm.

Hannah hesitated about using the word, because Alan's charm was not the sort she had met in Constance's drawing-room, the smooth, brilliant sort. His came from an inner warmth and intelligence, a genuine interest and pleasure in other people.

Once she passed by his office on her way to lunch just as he came to the door with his middle-aged secretary. She evidently felt ill, and he was sending her home, but it was more as though he were escorting a respected friend to the door of his house.

"I'm awfully sorry you aren't well," Hannah heard him say. "I wish I could see you home. If I didn't have that appointment of course I would. But I think you'll be all right in the taxi."

Hannah found out a great deal about him, just through little things like this, little bits and snatches here and there. She knew he spent a lot of time outdoors in mild weather, because his skin was so deeply tanned that it never altogether faded in winter. At first she thought he was probably a golfer, like most of Constance's friends, but once she heard him talking to another man, and she discovered that he owned a small sailing boat.

He seemed to know scores of people. He was always going out to lunch with different groups of men, laughing and joking, always the centre of the group, the evident reason for its existence.

Hannah could not tell exactly when it was that she knew she was in love with him. It had probably happened to her in the very beginning, but she hadn't realised it for some time.

When she did know, she inevitably thought of it in the light of what Constance would have said. "Good heavens, darling, how can you possibly be in love with a man who has never said anything more significant to you than, 'It's a nice day'? He undoubtedly has no more interest in you than he has in his secretary, and you're simply letting yourself in for a lot of unhappiness."

The fact remained that, foolish or not, she was in love with him. This was something that even Constance could not change. And love is never without hope until the death-blow has been dealt.

She became convinced from the tone of his voice, from his expression when he looked at her, that he was interested in her, but that he hesitated to do anything about it. She thought there might be something in her own manner that made him feel she would resent it, because she was shy, too, and shy people often appear unfriendly.

Finally she thought of a way to bring things to a head. She knew what time he went to lunch and where he ate. It was a small hotel around the corner from the office, its dining-room windows facing the street.

Whenever she passed the hotel on her way to the cafeteria next door, she saw Alan in there at one of two tables, depending on whether he was with other men or alone.

She wished he would be facing the street one day as she passed, and see her, and beckon to her. Of course, he probably would not look on to her, even if he did see her. He would consider it impertinent.

Continued from page 4

But it was this that gave her the idea. It was weeks before she got up the courage to put it into execution, though, because she thought that if it didn't work she would have no more hope, and it seemed to her she couldn't bear that.

She had always wished she could be like Constance, but now more than ever she tried to emulate her. On her weekly visits she watched what Constance did and said, as though she had never noticed any of these things before.

In the end she knew it was no use. She could never be even a poor imitation of Constance. Alan would have to take her as she was, or not at all. And the "not at all" frightened her.

Still, she told Constance, she did it finally. She saw him sitting alone in the hotel dining-room and she went round to the door, and for a minute she just stood there.

Over the entrance it said Prince Hubert Hotel, in gilt lettering, and she could remember thinking that there had never been any Prince Hubert anywhere that she knew of, certainly not one famous enough to have a hotel named after him.

"Then," she said, "I went in."

It happened, she told her sister triumphantly, exactly the way she had planned it. It was the first time in her life, really, that anything had happened exactly the way she had planned it, she said.

IN her most poised manner Hannah indicated to the head waiter which table she preferred—one that she couldn't go to without passing right by Alan's table. She would have spoken if he hadn't looked up as she passed, but he did look up, and then his whole face lit up with his smile and he stood.

"Why, Miss Freeman," he said. He hesitated a moment, and his eyes went past her, and then he added, "If you are lunching alone, won't you join me?"

It was the first time he had called her by name. She hadn't known he knew her name. He must have been interested enough to find it out from someone. All at once she felt perfectly confident, perfectly happy.

"I'd love to," she said. She sat down and smiled at him. "Have you ever heard of any Prince Hubert?" she asked him.

"Prince Hubert?" He looked puzzled for a moment, and then his face cleared and he said, "Oh, the name of this hotel. No, I don't believe I have. Prince Humbert, Prince Albert, but no Prince Hubert."

They laughed together, looking at each other with the delight of two people who find the same things funny.

"Hubert's probably the name of the owner's son," Hannah said. "And the 'Prince' is a fond father's invention."

She thought, as she said it, that it was the kind of thing Constance might have said—the kind of gay nonsense that made conversation fun instead of dull and ordinary.

She kept saying things like it all through lunch, speaking effortlessly, brightly, as she had never been able to speak before in her life. She could see the interest in Alan's eyes now; she did not have to guess any longer.

"I knew you'd be like this," he told her finally.

"Like what?"

He gave her that smile of his. "I don't know exactly how to tell you. I'm not much of a ladies' man," he said. "You'll have to give me time."

Time, she thought, and her heart leaped. He wanted her to give him time. Well, he could have all he needed, the rest of her life if he'd take it.

"Why aren't you a ladies' man?" she asked him. "You look quite normal."

TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
**Out of
The Box**



He laughed. "I suppose I've been too busy. Since I was a boy I've always had to work hard to keep my head above water. It's only lately that I've really had any leisure." He took a sip of coffee and then said to the cup, "I have a boat. Do you like sailing?"

"I've never tried it, but I should think it would be wonderful."

His head came up then, and he looked at her and asked her eagerly, "Would you care to take a whirl at it next Saturday with me?"

She kept saying things like it all through lunch, speaking effortlessly, brightly, as she had never been able to speak before in her life. She could see the interest in Alan's eyes now; she did not have to guess any longer.

Then finally, just a day ago, he had said to her, "We won't be able to sail much longer, Hannah. It's going to turn cold. This may be our last Saturday."

She had sat there in the bottom of the boat and shivered as though it had turned cold already. She had been so happy that she had never thought of a time when it might be over.

"Hannah," he said softly, "help me to say it."

She looked at him, and she knew that the whole of what she felt was in her face, because after a moment he said, "Thank you. I can say it now. I can say it, my darling. I love you. I want to marry you."

Constance sat perfectly still for an instant after Hannah had stopped talking. Then she stirred and gave a short, dry laugh.

"Really, Hannah, you might have spared me all the sentimental details," she said. "I don't know how you can repeat such drivel."

"Love isn't drivel!"

"Love!" Constance's voice rose a little, just a shade above its usual careful modulation. It sounded harsh up there, unpleasant. "You have to make the advances to give him nerve enough to say anything beyond 'Good morning,' and then it takes him months more, with your help, to drool a proposal of marriage."

She stood up, frowning down at Hannah, twisting her hands. Hannah had never seen her twist her hands before. "Don't be a fool, dear. The man's obviously a weakling, looking for someone to lean on. A man like that doesn't know the meaning of love."

Hannah sat back in the deep chair, staring at her sister. It seemed to her that she had never seen Constance before, or rather that she had seen her but never

really recognised her in all these years until this moment.

She got out of the chair quickly, in one easy motion, smiling, and went to put on her hat. It looked very chic on her, she thought, very chic indeed.

"I'll tell you, Constance," she said. "This love affair has been exactly the way I wanted it, just exactly. I could have chosen to have it all happen some other way, but I liked it this way. So, you see, nothing you can say can possibly hurt it or destroy it."

She left Constance before she had a chance to answer. Hannah pitied her sister for her loneliness, but there was nothing she could do about it, nothing anybody but Constance herself could do, and she had never known how.

It was the next day, Monday. Hannah stood at the door for an instant, looking at the gilt lettering over the entrance. "Prince Hubert Hotel," it said.

She felt a momentary nervousness, and in that moment she almost turned round and went away, as she had done every other time. All at once her eyes glowed and she lifted her chin and went in.

As she passed Alan Tierney's table he looked up and saw her, and his whole face lit with his smile.

"Why, Miss Freeman," he said.

(Copyright)

British factory steps up nylon yarn production

Ten million pounds of gossamer threads is the colossal output planned

From our London office

A nylon queue is the only queue British women don't mind standing in, though nylon queues are not easy to track down.

But there are now two hopeful signs which lighten the gloom of this picture of a female population practically without nylons.

THE opening of a £6,000,000 factory in Monmouthshire means ten times the amount

of nylon yarn now available will be produced, so nylons for all are a possibility by the end of the year.

In addition, manufacturers are coating the stocking-yarn with an anti-mag preparation, to give greater wearing qualities.

When the new factory is in full production ten million pounds of yarn will be processed each year.

At present most British women don't get any nearer to nylons than hearing they have earned a million sterling for the export drive. Then they pull on their old rayons.

But women who work in the new factory, and the sweethearts, wives, and daughters of the male employees were each given a pair of nylons at Christmas. The handout will be repeated every six months.

Yarn from the new factory will form 30 different types of dress and underwear fabrics, including voiles, chiffons, nets, satins, taffetas, and tricot.

The tricot is the new warp-knitted fabric for underwear that really will last a lifetime, may be washed out nightly, because of quick drying characteristics, keep their shape, and do not need ironing.

Nylon yarns are not all delicate gossamer threads. Nylon is used in ships' hawsers, trawling nets, tarpaulins, motor-car hoods, upholstery fabrics, and heavy canvases.

It is even used for making fore-sails for sailing boats.

Undies and hawsers alike are produced from the raw material—nylon polymer—which looks like soap chips but is as hard as rocks.

At the factory the polymer is melted in enormous vats, and after long and complicated processes emerges as the silken, soft-to-the-touch, strong thread.

And although it is made from synthetic material it needs no special textile machinery for its further manufacture. It is knitted, woven, dyed, and finished by the usual textile processes.

When the whole of the factory is in full production (as yet only a third of it is being used) there will be more nylon thread for export to the Dominions.

Australia, already Britain's biggest market for nylon stockings and nylon materials, will then get more of the yarn for her own hosiery factories, to knit into Australian nylon stockings.

The building of this factory, which is the largest under one roof in Britain, or Europe, is an important new unit in the textile trade of both Great Britain and the Commonwealth.

It has a floor space of one million square feet, is a graceful building in cream-colored brick standing in the wide Usk Valley, at Pontypool.

Its crisp air of modernity is in contrast to the age-old mountain which looks down on it, and also to the centuries-old white-washed farm-houses which stand ruggedly to the wind on the hillside.

It has brought a 1950 atmosphere to the 19th century town of Pontypool, with quiet lanes, small stone houses, and little shops.

Pontypool has known unemployment, depression, and a long struggle for higher wages and good working conditions for its workers in the main industries of steel and coal.

But in the new factory the workers have conditions which would make their grandfathers blink in astonishment.

The rooms where the nylon is processed are air-conditioned, and have fluorescent lighting.

Hot meals, dry clothes

A HUGE canteen provides a 24-hour service of hot meals, and drying pipes are in each employee's locker for wet clothes.

There is a surgery block staffed by two doctors and two nurses, and a sun-ray room for treatment of all kinds of rheumatic complaints. A dentist and a chiropodist also visit the factory to give free treatment.

Workrooms of the factory look out on gardens; even these are built so that inner rooms look out on to a flower-filled square.

British Nylon Spinners built their factory in South Wales in keeping with the Government plan to develop the hitherto undeveloped areas of Britain. South Wales has known considerable periods of unemployment because of lack of industrial development.

Only local men are employed. As nylon processing is a highly



DIAMOND-PATTERNED nylon fabric nightdress in lilac-pink with matching stole. Lace and ribbon are nylon, too, and do not require ironing.

technical job, men were given several months of training in the pilot plant, an experimental section of the factory.

A great majority of the staff are ex-miners, iron-foundry and steel-workers who are no longer fit, through illness, for the heavy work of these industries.

Their hands, calloused by years of manual work, are now soft and smooth, the roughness worn away by constant handling of the delicate nylon thread.

When they first started their new jobs they had to rub hand-creams and lotions into their hands to smooth them.

But now their fingers are so sensitive that they can feel the slightest defect as the gossamer-like thread runs through their hands from one machine to another.

Most of the women at the factory work in the canteens. Women have not been trained as process workers, because processing nylon is a 24-hour job, and under the Factories Act women are not allowed to work on shift work.

But the twelve testers are women, and have pretty important jobs, too. Samples of every yard of nylon are examined by them.

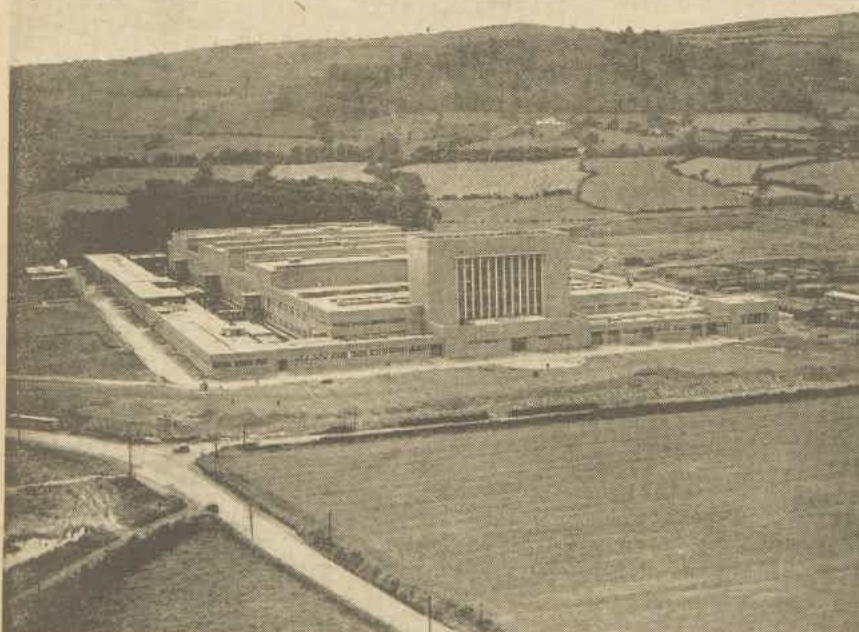
Head girl is 28-year-old, dark-eyed Rita England, of Newbridge, South Wales, who had been a forewoman in a munitions factory.

Every piece of thread is seen by Rita's expert eye.



NYLON MILANESE used for this lilac hostess gown, nylon tricot, does not shrink.

NO LAUNDRY PROBLEMS. Frits of this white nylon tricot night-dress need never be ironed. The material retains its shape after washing and dries quickly.



NEW NYLON FACTORY in South Wales, set among centuries-old farmhouses. It will supply ten million pounds of yarn annually to be made into hosiery, gossamer fabrics, and more sturdy articles such as hawsers.

Beautifully styled handknits in our big 1949 knitting book

ALL the latest ideas in handknits are featured in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1949.

In the book are 68 pages of directions for knitting more than 50 beautifully designed garments for adults and children.

Articles for daytime and evening wear, sets for babies, toddlers, and growing children, handknits for teenagers, and gloves in wool and cotton are illustrated, and complete directions for knitting are given.

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book is available from our offices and at all newsagents and booksellers. Price 1/6.

I Got Burnt

Continued from page 5

WHEN the girl had finished laughing, she said: "A jelly-bab! Whatever will he think of next?"

"Time alone will tell," Bill said, "and don't sound so proud of him!"

"I am proud of him. You'll have to admit he's a very smart boy. He thinks up such clever schemes, and carries them out so effectively."

"You talk as though you're his mother."

"I'm not. I'm his aunt."

"Well, surely you've got some influence over him?"

"Yes, I have. He thinks the world of me."

"Then why don't you make him behave himself?"

"It's only natural for a high-spirited boy—"

"All right, well then ask him to attack somebody else for a change. I was lying quietly on the beach, not worrying anyone, when—"

"Well, you're worrying me now."

"I want an assurance, before I go, that you'll tell that kid to leave me alone."

"Look," the girl said, "weren't you ever young yourself? I suppose the years are creeping up on you now, but can't you make an effort to remember back—"

"What do you mean, the years are creeping up on me?"

"Well, aren't they?"

"No."

"You gave me the impression that you've lost your youth. I suppose that's because you're so crotchety."

"I'm not crotchety!" Bill roared. "And I'll bet I'm not much older than you!"

"How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight," the girl repeated, and gave the impression that she was considering that fact.

"Well," he asked, "how old are you?"

"I don't see what affair that is of yours. Stop asking me personal questions. Leave me alone. Go away."

Bill said, "Before I go—"

"All right. I'll see Percy doesn't annoy you any more."

"I wasn't going to say anything about that."

"Well?"

"I—I was going to say I was sorry I burned you with that magnifying glass."

"Now why did you want to mention that? I'd forgotten about that."

"Is it still stinging?"

"Yes, a bit. But I've got some sunburn cream here; that'll soon stop it."

"Would you like me to—"

"No, thanks. I can fix it all right."

"I got burnt twice," Bill said. "He got me on both legs."

"That gives the sun an open go, doesn't it?"

"Nobody asked—"

"I'll tell you something else. I'm not wild any more. Not even with young Percy."

"Why should you be?"

"That's right, why should I be? It's much better this way. Percy and you and I all good friends."

"Who said so?"

"Aren't we?"

"First of all you burn me, then you expect me to say we're good friends."

"Please forget that little incident. I only singed your shin, I didn't scar your soul."

"What do you know about my soul?"

"Nothing yet. How about giving me some details?"

"Sorry, I don't know you."

"Wasn't I introduced? A bad oversight on somebody's part. The name's Bill. Bill Johns."

"I've got a nephew named Percy," the girl said.

"What's his aunt's name?"

"Have you any other talents besides your gift for quizzing people?"

"I only quiz people I'm very interested in. And we've known each other long enough now for you to give me a small portion of encouragement."

"I saw you for the first time about twenty minutes ago and we don't know each other."

"You saw me over an hour ago. I walked past you when you were reading that book. You looked up and saw me."

"I might have looked up, but I didn't see you."

"Then what's the matter with your eyes?"

"She said, 'My eyes are all right.'"

"I'll say they're all right. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that your eyes are the most—"

"I was saying we don't know each other. We're strangers. I don't like talking to strange men. Follow me!"

"Yes, and I would to the end of the earth. What's your name?"

"Honestly, can't you control it?"

"Control what?"

"That inquisitive trend in your make-up."

"All right, Percy's aunt, I'll ask no more."

"Thank you."

"That's all right, Percy's aunt."

"Stop calling me that!"

"Well, then, what can I—"

"All right, all right, I'll go quietly. The name's Sally."

"Now we're getting somewhere," he said. "Sally. Of course, I should have known."

"Now may I read my book?"

"No, talk to me," Bill said, "please tell me more about yourself."

"I've got a nephew named Percy," Sally said.

"I haven't."

"Haven't you?"

"Not yet. But some day we might be able to remedy that."

Sally said: "Isn't it lovely in the sun?"

"Yes, it is now."

"You can be very pleasant, Bill. You're sure you're not wild with Percy any more, aren't you?"

"On the contrary," Bill said, "I think he's a charming little fellow. If he hadn't burnt me we would never have got to know each other."

"I was just thinking the same thing," Sally said.

Bill leaned back and stretched out on the sand. He closed his eyes against the sun.

Then suddenly he realised that a shadow had come over him. He opened his eyes and saw the boy Percy.

"Hello, Aunt Sally," the boy said.

"Hello."

"Can I come under your umbrella?"

"I suppose so."

Bill sat up. "Hello, Percy."

"Hello. I'm going to sit under Aunt Sally's umbrella."

"Must you?"

"Are you and Aunt Sally friends now?"

"I should say so. We were just having a little confidential chat."

"What's that?"

"Percy, would you like to earn sixpence?"

"If you're wanting me to go away I charge a shilling an hour."

"Evidence of inflation, wherever you look," Bill said. He turned to Sally: "Can you lend me a shilling? I'll pay you back to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes, I'll be seeing you to-night. I meant to tell you."

Sally reached over to her beach-bag and got out a shilling. She handed it to Bill and he handed it to Percy.

"Thanks," Percy said, "this is my lucky day."

"All right, Percy, you've got your shilling, now run along," Sally said.

"That's four bob I've made to-day," Percy said.

Sally said, "You were paid to go. Now go."

"I'm going," Percy said. "I just wanted to explain to this man that I've made four bob. A shilling from you for each time I burned him with your magnifying glass, and a bob you gave me for potting him with the jelly-fish." He grinned in satisfaction.

"I'll see you again in an hour," he said.

(Copyright)

HAZEL



"But it ends happy. Robin Hood beats up the stuffed shirts and splits the swag with the poor."

BUTCH



"Lemme compliment gouse on a fine safe, mister. It was a real challenge to my skill."

It seems to me...

WHAT used to be one of the most delightful days of the year falls in this week.

I say "used to be," but doubtless April Fool's Day still holds its charm for people under 15.

What exquisite humor there once seemed in asking someone to call Mr. Lion at the Zoo's telephone number; what delight in pinning a notice on a friend's back, and what relief, mingled with disappointment, when the magic hour of noon had passed!

The greatest pleasure in the day lay in the licence it gave to the practical joke, which, so conscientious parents instructed their children, should be eschewed for the other 364 days of the year.

It served a purpose, too, in emphasising the difference between the allowable joke and the one beyond the pale. Early one learnt that it was all right to rush in to an aunt with the announcement that there was a bear in the garden, but hardly kind to frighten her by saying that uncle had just fallen off the roof.

WHEREVER I go nowadays I seem to encounter friends on diets.

Some of them don't eat salt, and some don't eat ice-cream. Some eat practically nothing but salad, and some aren't allowed to touch salad.

Their reasons range from sinus trouble to their complexions, but all the diets have one thing in common—they're not much fun.

It's all such a contrast to the diet that Una Pope Hennessy describes in her biography of Dickens, which I've been reading lately. When Dickens made his second American tour at the age of 53, he was in ill-health.

His doctor had said he was suffering from "irritability of the heart," and he was given iron, quinine, and digitalis.

But, to keep his strength up for the arduous readings on his tour, this was his diet: A tumbler of cream and two tablespoons of rum before rising; a sherry cobbler and a biscuit at noon; a pint of champagne at 3.

Just before the reading he had an egg beaten up in sherry, and between items on the programme he drank strong beef-tea. For supper he had soup and wine, and sometimes, before bed, a dose of laudanum.

Dickens died five years later, but his diet was certainly jollier than those that the medical profession recommends to-day.

AN Englishwoman who had been drinking a radio-active iodine for a thyroid deficiency was being driven to hospital recently when the car stopped. Scientists think that the gamma rays from the radio-active iodine may have stopped the car.

Science, it's wonderful, and where it leads Long, long ago inspired Mr. Verne.

But if his spirit, wandering somewhere, reads, To-day he must be given quite a turn.

The witches, that of old concocted brews For love or beauty, never could have thought The twentieth century would adopt their cures, Make wicker hives that they ever wrought.

These modern potions do strange things to us, And cruelly make true some standard quips— "She had a face," they say, "would stop a bus!" Oh, give us daughts to launch a thousand ships.



Dorothy Drain

By

PEOPLE who organise their lives on a principle of high efficiency always fascinate me.

Being far from well organised myself, I enjoy theorising about saving time, money, and effort.

I've just read a story about a Sydney business man who never wastes a minute. "If you can save a minute a day," he says, "you save six hours a year."

To save time he goes without breakfast, doesn't wear an overcoat, sleeps only five hours a night.

Dispensing with an overcoat saves time, he says, because you lose overcoats or leave things in the pockets.

The principle of discarding unnecessary things is one that appeals to me enormously. I often look round the flat and try to imagine that I am to go abroad next day and must throw out everything unnecessary.

Away will go the button-box, the single gloves, the broken beads, the keys which fit no doors, and the evening-dress I have intended to convert into underwear for the past ten years.

It's a sound theory. The only thing wrong with it in practice is that I get so entranced planning the itinerary for the tour that the clearing-out never takes place.

What's the use, anyhow? If you come right down to essentials, it's a frightful waste of time being alive at all.

TESTS in America have shown that nylon thread is stronger than steel wire of the same thickness.

A scientist told the American Physical Society that, whereas nylon thread had a tensile strength varying from 150,000 to 225,000 lb. per square inch, steel wires of the same size seldom had a tensile strength of as much as 150,000 lb. per square inch.

But, of course—and how much more practical: "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy heart with hoops of nylon."

THE Married Women's Association in Britain advocates that a husband's salary should be shared equally with the wife.

The serious enthusiasm with which various organisations from time to time attempt to lay down financial arrangements between husband and wife always interests me.

They are entitled to make suggestions, whether it's wages for wives or share and share alike, but how they propose to implement the rules is never clear.

Many a man will remark sourly that it would suit him very well if he had the handling of even half his salary. Lots of husbands hand over a pay envelope and receive pocket money in return.

The Married Women's Association (whose founder, incidentally, is a Miss Juanita Francis) claim that a man's pay is not earned individually, but is the result of a joint effort of labor between husband and wife.

Few people will quarrel with that statement. But the fact is that in the majority of families the money that comes in is spent for the benefit of all its members. Sometimes a husband handles it, sometimes the wife.

Undoubtedly there are husbands who spend more than a fair share on gambling or drink just as there are wives who are extravagant in dress.

But to attempt to solve these problems by laying down any laws would be just as effective as making a law that no cross remarks must be uttered at the breakfast table.

5 FIGURE PROBLEMS SOLVED PERFECTLY BY.....

LIBERTY

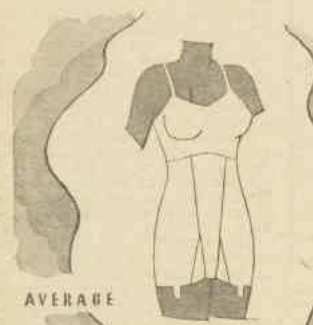
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patiently: "I tell you I'm going to escort my mother to Bath! What the deuce ails you, Ferdy? Why shouldn't I go to Bath?"

"Just thought you might not care for it, dear boy! No offence! Did you say the Incomparable was going too?"

"Going to bear my mother company."

"Oh!" said Ferdy, thinking this over painstakingly. "Well, that settles it: much better not go, Sherry! If the Incomparable goes, Reeves will, and you won't like that."

"I suppose Bath is big enough to hold us both. In fact, if he means to hang about Bella's apron-strings, it's as well I should go!"

Ferdy gave it up. He withdrew a few minutes later to join his friends, and Sherry went home.

But Ferdy's friends found him pre-occupied that evening. He sat in a brown study over dinner, followed the party in a trance-like fashion to the card-room, and there paid so little attention to the game that his brother asked, "You quite well, Ferdy, old fellow?"

"Had a shock," Ferdy said. "Saw Sherry to-night. He's going to Bath."

Marmaduke stared at him. "Why?" he asked.

"Just what I've been wondering all the evening, Duke. Think I'll go and see Gil."

"Dash it, Ferdy, you can't go off like that!" expostulated Marmaduke.

"Yes, I can," replied Ferdy. "Come back again later."

He betook himself to Stratton Street, to be met by the same intelligence which had greeted Lord Wrotham earlier in the same day. He was even more dashed than his lordship had been, but he reached the same decision. For the second time that day Mr. Ford ushered one of Mr. Ringwood's cronies into his parlor for the purpose of writing a note to him.

It cost Ferdy time and profound thought to achieve a letter that should explain the whole situation to Mr. Ringwood; but when he presently read the elegantly phrased document over to himself he was not ill-pleased with it.

Moreover, he had made another decision, so on leaving Mr. Ringwood's lodging he betook himself to Half Moon Street. The house was in darkness, and it was some time before he could obtain a response to his insistent knocking.

He was just wondering whether he could have made a mistake in the number when a window was flung up on the second floor.

Sherry's voice, rather sleepy and extremely irate, asked who the devil was there.

Ferdy gazed up at the vague outline of his cousin's head and said: "Hallo, Sherry, dear boy! What the deuce are you doing up there?"

"Is that you, Ferdy?" demanded Sherry wrathfully. "What the deuce are you doing down there, waking me up at this hour of night?"

"What, you ain't asleep, Sherry, surely?" said Ferdy incredulously. "Night's young! Come to have a chat with you. Very important."

"Oh, the devil! Dead-beat again! What a curse nuisance you are, Ferdy!" said Sherry, exasperated.

He withdrew his head from the window, and in a few minutes had opened the front door to admit his cousin. Ferdy walked in, smiling affably, but declined an offer of the spare bedchamber.

"Going back to White's when I've had a word with you, Sherry," he said. "Engaged with some friends. What made you go to bed?"

"Dash it, it's past one o'clock!" replied Sherry. "Besides, I'm going to Bath to-morrow."

"Nothing in that," said Ferdy. "I'm going to Bath, too, but I don't go to bed at one o'clock. Why should I?"

"You're foxed. You ain't going to Bath."

"Yes, I am. Came to tell you. Taken a fancy to go with you."

Sherry stared at him narrowly, holding up the candle he was carrying. "Why?" he asked.

"Fond of you, Sherry. Don't know why, but there it is. Always was. You driving down?"

"Yes, but—"

"Take me up in Cavendish Square. Ready for you any time."

"I don't mind taking you up if you really mean it," said Sherry. "In fact, I'd as soon have company on the way as not, but it's my belief

you'll take the best part of to-morrow to sleep this off! If you won't go to bed, I wish you'd go home!"

"Not going home: going back to White's," said Ferdy. "Care to join us, dear old fellow?"

"No, I would not!" replied Sherry, opening the door for him.

"Quite right! Not dressed for it!" Ferdy agreed. "See you to-morrow!"

Contrary to Sherry's expectations, when he drew up in Cavendish Square at noon that day he found his cousin not only perfectly wide-awake, but prepared for a journey.

Ferdy had had time to think of several reasons to account for his desiring to go to Bath, and, although his cousin believed none of them, he was far from guessing what the true reason was.

He had a suspicion that Ferdy's activities in London might have made it expedient for him to withdraw from the metropolis for a time, but as he took only the most cursory interest in Ferdy's affairs he forbore to question him very strictly.

The winter being unusually mild, no particular discomfort was suffered during the journey, which, as Sherry had prophesied, took them two days to accomplish.

They entered Bath towards evening on the second day, the Dowager's

coach bowling along considerably ahead of Sherry's curricle.

It was in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, just as the nicest precision of eye was required to negotiate the passage between a hackney carriage, drawn up on the left of the road, and a perch phaeton being driven towards him, that Sherry caught sight of his wife, strolling happily along with Lord Wrotham.

A violent expetitive broke from him, and an equally violent start. He jerked his head round, heedless of the phaeton, and the next instant the wheels of both vehicles were locked, and much more violent expetitives were issuing from the lips of the driver.

Since all the horses were plunging in sudden fright, and there was an ominous sound of splintering wood, Sherry was obliged to give his attention where it was most urgently required.

By the time the carriages had been disengaged, thanks largely to the efforts of Jason, who had lost not a moment in leaping down from his perch and running to the heads of his master's pair, Hero and George had disappeared round a turn in the street.

Sherry, paying no heed at all to the incensed remarks addressed to him by the phaeton's owner, thrust the reins into his cousin's hands, and, with a brief admonition to him to "settle with this fellow" sprang down from the curricle and set off with great strides. He was too late.

When he reached the turning there was no sign of his quarry, and after taking a few paces up the street he paused, realising the futility of hunting through all the roads in the vicinity.

He turned and went back, to find Ferdy making his apologies with winning grace, and offering, on his behalf, to pay for the necessary repairs to the phaeton.

The phaeton's owner was already a little mollified, but the Viscount nipped further friendly overtures in

the bud by scowling upon his victim, offering him the curtest of apologies, handing him his card, climbing into his curricle, and driving off without another word.

"Really, Sherry, dear old boy!" expostulated Ferdy. "No need to go off like this! Very pleasant fellow!"

"Did you see who that was?" Sherry demanded.

The late accident had temporarily put everything else out of Ferdy's head, but these words recalled him to a sense of his own surprise.

"Yes, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "Dashed if I could believe my eyes! George! You see him, too, Sherry?"

Sherry audibly ground his teeth. "Do you think I'm blind? I saw him, and what's more I saw who was with him. My wife!"

"Now you come to mention it, Sherry, dear boy, I saw her, too," said Ferdy. "Didn't care to draw your attention to it."

"So that was why—I!" Sherry muttered. "It is George I have to thank for—! Let me but get my hands on George!"

In a few minutes, the curricle swept into the Royal Crescent and drew up outside one of the houses, behind the chaises, which were being unloaded by a bevy of hirelings.

The Viscount strode into the house, leaving his cousin to follow at his leisure. The entrance hall was a litter of trunks and bandboxes; his lordship picked his way none too carefully through them and ran up the stairs to the parlor.

Here he found Miss Milborne directing a couple of abigail's where to take various packages that strewed the room. She smiled at Sherry.

"Your Mama has the headache," she said, "and has gone to lie down on her bed before it is time to dress for dinner. I am sorry we are still in such a pickle, but I will have all in order in— Why, what is the matter, Sherry?"

The Viscount waited until the two abigail's had loaded themselves with impedimenta, and then firmly shut them out of the room.

"Do you know whom I saw in Bennet Street?" he said grimly. She looked a startled inquiry.

"George!" said the Viscount, flinging the name at her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, blushing. "Yes!" returned his lordship. "But you need not look so smug, Bella, for he has not come to Bath on your account! He was strolling along, as bold as brass, with my wife!"

"Oh!" gasped Miss Milborne, in quite another voice. "Oh, Sherry, no!"

"He was, I tell you!" said the Viscount, taking a few hasty paces about the room and kicking an offending bandbox out of his path.

Miss Milborne clasped her hands together and said in a controlled tone: "I told you—I told you, Sherry, that he had a marked partiality for Hero! It was the first thing that sprang to my mind when I learned of her having left you. But that he could have—all this time—Oh, it is too base!"

"Only wait until I come upon him face to face!" Sherry said through his locked teeth. "Now I know why he was so urgent with me not to come to Bath! Why, he must have posted here ahead of me the instant he knew I was coming."

"And she!" Miss Milborne said throbbingly. "Oh, I had not thought of her!"

"Yes, you had!" retorted the Viscount, rounding on her. "It is precisely what you did think, Bella! And there's not a word of truth in it, and if you dare to say it again I'll choke you!" He added fiercely, "This is your fault! If you had not played fast and loose with Wrotham, this would never have happened! When I think of the way he did his possible to dissuade me from coming here and— He stopped short.

"Yes, by Jupiter!" he said. "And Ferdy, too! Ferdy! He knew! Well, that's one of them at least I can get my hands on!"

He left the room precipitately as he spoke, and went down the stairs in several perilous bounds. But his cousin Ferdy had a lively sense of self-preservation, and he had not waited for this inevitable moment.



"You must be the young man Marcia said had hidden charms."

Continued from page 7

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50 New Knitting Patterns

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

1949 KNITTING BOOK

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS.

1/6

Please turn to page 30



● In this straight-skirted tweed suit Jacques Fath incorporates his new spring turned-down collar, which goes so well with short-cropped hair, worn over the ears. Beautiful buttons are used as trimming. Length is mid-calf, the same as in his winter collection. Fath features the hollow-chested look of the 'twenties.



● Typical of the whole of Jean Dessès' spring collection, the trio above shows great femininity. Points to note are the fantail pigeon skirt, at left; wrapped round, dipping skirt, centre; and important scarf attached to waist, right, which can be used as a sari-drape or held at the wrist or draped over the shoulder.



● Upper-calf length of this evening tailleur by Christian Dior is important. It is of white Ottoman silk, the jacket embroidered with rubies and crystals.



● Lovely chiffon cloaks, sweeping right to the ground, are touches in Robert Piguet's collection. At left: Spangled gown, and, at right, the gown has a jewelled yellow skirt, with a tiered cloak of the same material.



● Quite new in the Roser slants against the crown. Shown in toasted beige material, fine black hair.

THE ELEGANCE OF PARIS

★ The Paris spring collections this year have brought no startling change of line; but every collection shows intensely feminine styles such as those shown here, which have all the elegance for which their creators are famous. Dior's upper-calf-length evening suit, Desses' dipping skirt, and Robert Piguet's full-length chiffon cloaks are important features. Jacques Fath's collection is outstanding, particularly his original, startling necklines.



Designed by Maud
... to high above
... this model of
... and trim it with a
... separate plume.



... the many delightful
... floats over a pink
... and grey chiffon



● The most unsophisticated of all material, white pique, is used by Jacques Fath to make this extremely elaborate evening gown, with its strapless bodice standing out in peaks and cut to form three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves. Bodice buttons tightly to natural waistline. Skirt has greatest possible width.

②

● Nothing could be more gals than Christian Dior's white tulle evening gown. The gathered strapless bodice fits on to a neat waistband from which flow tier upon tier of tulle, caught into a swirling line and with a bustle effect at the back.

Designed by...
Linda Patricia



Linda Patricia
Creates in
Wondollex from all
Leading Salons and
Fashion Houses

THERE was no sign of Percy in the house, or even outside it, and a furious inquiry of Boode elicited the information that Mr. Fakenham had bethought himself of some urgent shopping that must be done.

Sherry knew that he had formed the intention of putting up at the York Hotel, and instantly betook himself to this hostelry. He drew blank Mr. Fakenham's man and Mr. Fakenham's luggage had certainly arrived there, but Mr. Fakenham had as yet put in no appearance.

The Viscount, growing steadily more wrathful, waited for some time in the coffee-room, but when it became apparent that his cousin had no immediate intention of emerging from whatever place of hiding he had found, he went back to the Royal Crescent, leaving a message with Percy's valet, which was calculated to terrify Percy into an instant flight for London.

The first thing which met the Viscount's eyes upon his return to his parent's lodging was a neat oblong of pasteboard lying on the table in the hall.

He glanced cursorily at this, and his temper was by no means improved by the discovery that it bore Sir Montagu Revesby's name. In flowing copperplate characters. He passed on upstairs to change his travelling dress for raiment more suited to his mother's dinner-table.

His parent, who seemed to be in excellent spirits, welcomed him into the dining-room with a fond smile, and when he offered a curt apology for his tardiness, said that it did not signify. He took his place at the end of the table, saying disagreeably, as he did so: "I saw that that fellow has wasted no time in calling upon you, Bella!"

"If you mean Sir Montagu," re-

turned Miss Milborne composedly, "he was so obliging as to wait on us to discover if there were any service he could render us. We are already indebted to him for the flowers we found awaiting us."

"Yes, indeed!" agreed Lady Sheringham. "Such a delightful man! His air so distinguished; and only fancy, Anthony, he was able to give me some excellent advice about the treatment I should seek, and what doctor I should attend! Sir Montagu spoke, too, of you, with the most flattering degree of affection, dear Anthony."

"I'll thank him to keep his affection for those who may value it!" replied his lordship unequivocally. It was apparent to him that Sir Montagu had not been slow to sum Lady Sheringham up, and had spared no pains to ingratiate himself with her.

As soon as dinner was over, he excused himself from joining the ladies in the parlor, and demanded of the butler if his Tiger had returned from the errand on which he had despatched him.

Jason was waiting downstairs, and was at once sent for. He grinned cheerfully at his master and announced that Lord Wrotham was putting up at the White Hart, in Stall Street. The Viscount then changed his footwear for a pair of gleaming Hessians, called for his hat, and his drab Benjamin, and left the house.

Lord Wrotham had arrived in Bath a day ahead of Sherry, and had stayed only to remove the travel stains from his person at the White Hart before hurrying to call at Lady Saltash's home.

As soon as he was announced, Hero flew up out of her chair, and ran forward to greet him, with both her hands held out, and such an expression of joy in her face that Lady Saltash raised her brows a trifle.

But Lady Saltash was shrewd enough to perceive that the welcome bestowed on this handsome young blood was sisterly in its nature, and she condescended to allow George to kiss her gnarled hand, and lost no time in putting him in his place, by recalling her friendship with his more formidable relatives.

"But, George, what brings you here?" asked Hero, smiling mischievously up at him. "It is not at all the sort of place for you. They do not allow hazard in the Rooms, you know, and nobody waltzes."

"I know. Denuded slow place!" George agreed. "But I did not come for that, Kitten—Lady Sheringham, I mean!"—he corrected himself, a guilty eye on Lady Saltash.

"No, no, don't call me that. I am known as Miss Wantage here, but please call me Kitten. It seems so long since anyone did!" Hero said, a catch in her voice.

He pressed her hand in a very feeling manner. "But you are well? You are tolerably comfortable?"

"Yes, indeed! Dear Lady Saltash, I mean!"—he corrected himself, a guilty eye on Lady Saltash.

"Kitten, it's the deuce of a coll, and I did not know what you would wish me to do! Gil must needs go off to Melton, just when he was most wanted, and there was no sense in consulting Percy."

"George, nothing has happened to Sherry?" Hero cried.

"No, nothing. But he is even now upon his way here!"

Such a light sprang to her eyes, such a vivid color into her cheeks, that if he could have brought Sherry into her presence there and then he would have done it.

"To—find—me, George?" she faltered, looking beseechingly at him. He was obliged to shake his head. There was a long silence. Hero broke it. "No, I quite see. But—but it seems very odd of Sherry to be coming here, if it is not for that, because he cannot bear Bath."

"The thing is," said George, roughly, to conceal his overflowing sympathy, "that the Dowager has taken a fancy to drink the waters, and nothing would do for her but that Sherry must escort her. She brings Miss Milborne with her."

"She brings—Oh!" Hero said numbly. "That is why Sherry—Yes, I see, it was very kind in you to come to warn me, dear George."

Friday's Child

Continued from page 27

He stretched out his hand, and possessed himself of one of hers.

"Kitten, there was no use in my trying to keep it from you. But I do not believe he cares a button for the incomparable! He has not shown a sign of it in all these weeks! I own, when I heard that he had consented to come here I was instantly suspicious, but he bade me remember he was a married man; assured me he had no notion of making love to her."

"Well, then, why should he come here?" Hero said wistfully. "You see, it is as I told you, the night I ran away: it was Isabella he really wished to make his wife. I do not think he loves her very much, but perhaps he is tired of—of everything, and willing to oblige Lady Sheringham."

"I do not know: I am not in his confidence," George said reluctantly. "And now what am I to do, Kitten? Do you wish him to know that you are here? I own I should be glad to make a clean breast of the business to him, for I have not liked my part in it above half!"

"Oh, no, George, I beg you will not! For he would feel himself bound to take me back, and I am not going to go back, unless—But why do we talk like this? He does not come to Bath for my sake, but for Isabella's, and you know it as well as I do, George!"

"It does not appear to me," interposed Lady Saltash dryly, "that either of you knows anything! Let me beg of you, my love, not to put yourself in a taking. As for you, Wrotham—for I do not mean to stand upon ceremony with you!—you may escort us to the Pump Room, if you will. I fancy the barouche is at the door."

GEORGE took the front seat in the carriage, facing Hero and Lady Saltash, and behaved in a very docile way until the arrival on the scene of Mr. Tarleton, who came up to them in the Pump Room, and greeted Hero with so much the air of a friend of long-standing that George's hackles rose instinctively.

Hero made both gentlemen known to each other, and took the opportunity to whisper to Mr. Tarleton, when George went to procure her second glass of the famous water for Lady Saltash, that this was none other than the fire-eater she had told him about.

Mr. Tarleton, who had a lively sense of humor, was immensely entertained, and he thanked Hero for her warning, and said that he would take good care not to incense so dangerous a young man.

George, who had been keeping such a vicariously jealous eye upon Hero that he made himself very unpopular by forgetting to tip the pumper, soon rejoined them. Closer scrutiny of Mr. Tarleton informed him that this pleasant person was no longer in his first youth, and he unbent a little towards him.

For his part, Mr. Tarleton, quite as suspicious as George, but better able to hide it, could not detect in his manner towards Hero any trace of the lover. Lady Saltash, seated at a little distance, observed the trio with cynical enjoyment. Just such a situation as her mischievous nature delighted in appeared to be brewing.

When she and Hero were once more seated in the barouche she said with the forthrightness which made her rather disconcerting: "Now, my love, I should be glad if you will inform me what you mean to do next?"

Hero shook her head hopelessly.

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LADY SALTASH favored her young charge with a prolonged stare, then she said: "You don't know. Nothing could be more disastrous! But perhaps you know whether or not you are willing tamely to relinquish your husband to this Beauty I hear so much about?"

Hero turned her face away and stared blindly out of the window. "Oh, ma'am, pray do not ask me! I have—I have such wicked thoughts of poor Isabella!"

"Excellent! I am happy to perceive that there is some spirit in you! Well, let me tell you, my child, that if you mean to make a push to keep Anthony you should show yourself very well able to do without him. Do not be making sheep's eyes at him, and begging his pardon for having taken exception to his overbearing ways! You are the injured one, remember! And—"

"No, ma'am, indeed I am not!" Hero said earnestly. "It was all my fault for being so—"

"Do not interrupt me! I repeat, it is you who are injured, and if ever you hope to have the mastery over Anthony—"

"But, ma'am, you are quite mistaken!" Hero assured her. "I never thought of such a thing! I only want to make him happy, and not to be such a tiresome wife!"

"You are besotted!" said her ladyship. "I have a very good mind to wash my hands of you! Only want to make him happy indeed! Yes! And if it would make him happy to divorce you and marry this Milborne chit, you will help him to do it. I dare say!"

Hero thought this over.

"No, I won't!" she said suddenly. "If Isabella loved Sherry, I would try not to be selfish, but she doesn't love him, and if she is encouraging him now, it is because Severn did not come up to scratch! I know all the gentlemen who would like to marry Isabella, and Sherry is by far the most eligible—or he would be if I did not exist—and he shall not be sacrificed to Isabella's horrid ambition!"

Lady Saltash's eyes twinkled. "Now you are beginning to talk like a sensible woman!" she said. "And pray how do you mean to rescue him from this designing beauty's toils?"

"Well, I don't know," Hero confessed. "Of course, if I were to return to Sherry, she couldn't marry him, could she? But I do not at all know that he wants me. And, oh, dear, when I recall how lovely Isabella is, besides being an heiress, and so well-bred, and never doing the wrong thing, I can't conceive how Sherry's affections could fail to reanimate towards her!"

"It is my belief," said her ladyship, "that Sherry never had the smallest real affection for her. The truth is that he was not in love with either of you. What his sentiments may now be I do not pretend to say. You do not know whether he loves you or not, and very likely he does not know either. Well, if you wish to know how you stand with him, let him think that you have no particular desire to return to him! If he wants you, he will move heaven and earth to win you."

Hero said slowly: "It will be very hard, but perhaps, in the end, it would be for the best."

Shortly after noon Mr. Tarleton came to Camden Place by appointment, in his curricle, and took Hero up for a drive to Kelston. It struck him that she wore rather a sober face, and he rallied her on it, accusing her of finding Bath a tedious place and himself a great bore.

"Oh, no, that I certainly do not!" she said quickly.

"I am persuaded you think me a dull dog, with one foot in the grave, and not a spark of romantic fervor in my whole composition!"

She laughed. "No, how should I be so foolish?"

"Tell me, Miss Wantage, do you consider me past the age of thinking of marriage?"

She looked up. "No, indeed! Why, have you some such notion?"

"Yes," he replied.

Her dimples peeped. "Then, of course, you must become romantic, Mr. Tarleton! Females are so silly, you know, that they much prefer romance to solid worth!"

Please turn to page 32

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VETERAN ACTOR AT 71



WARREN FISHER, of Clovelly, N.S.W., at the age of seven, can claim to be one of Australia's youngest actors. When he was three he played the part of "Smithy's" son in the picture of that name. He has played other parts since. His mother says he memorized his lines for "Smithy" perfectly. She adds, "Warren adores Vegemite and I love to see him enjoying it. Doctors say there's nothing else as good for him." All kiddies love Vegemite—it's richer in niacin and riboflavin and it costs less.

MR. TARLETON pulled a grimace. "Solid worth!" he repeated. "Of all abominable phrases! Do you remember telling me once that you thought runaway marriages the best? Are you still of the same mind?"

Hero stifled a sigh. "Yes. That is, it is the only kind of marriage for me. I do not think it would suit you, however!"

He said softly: "You have never told me anything about yourself. Miss Wantage. I collect you are not related to Lady Saltash?"

"No," she replied. "Forgive me if I seem to you impertinent! But I see you living a life that must be unsuited to one of your youth and natural spirits. Do you mean to remain permanently in your present position?"

She started. "Oh, no! It would be impossible, for I have not the least claim on Lady Saltash. But I was trained to become a governess, and—and it was with the object of finding an eligible situation in some seminary that I came to Bath."

"A governess! You!" he exclaimed. "You are not serious! You cannot mean me to believe that you wish for such an existence!"

A rather melancholy smile trembled on her lips. "Oh, no! I shall dislike it of all things. In fact, I once said that I would do anything rather than become one."

"Have you no relatives to provide for you?" he asked. "You are so young! Surely there must be someone—a guardian, perhaps—whose business it must be to take care of you?"

"No, there is no one—at least, I have a cousin who gave me a home when my father died, but she could not house me for ever, you see, and to tell you the truth I did not like her, nor she me."

"I had not imagined that this could be so," he said, in a moved tone. "I had thought—This alters things, indeed!"

He smiled at her. "No wonder you dream of romance and adventure!" he said. "How would you like to be carried off, married out of hand, cosseted and cared for by a husband who would adore you—ah, the happy-ever-after ending in effect? Is that not what you have dreamed of?"

"All girls do," she said, in a constricted tone. "At least, when they are very young and foolish, they do. But—but real life is not quite like the fairy tales."

"But you were made to live a fairy tale life, and I am determined you must do so!"

She raised her candid eyes to his face, and said simply: "Please do not, Mr. Tarleton! I know you are only funning, but—but I would rather you did not!"

"I will do nothing to displease you," he promised. "Shall I see you at the Dress Ball at the Lower Rooms to-morrow night?"

"I—I am not perfectly certain. I believe not."

"Oh, that is too unkind!" he teased. "Did you not promise to let me put your name down for the minuet?"

She returned a light answer and he continued to talk easily on a number of trivial topics for the remainder of the drive.

He set her down in Camden Place more enchanted than ever with her, and resolved upon a course of action fantastic enough to have appealed to the silliest damsel ever discovered between the marbled covers of a circulating library novel.

It was when Hero was returning home on foot from Milson Street, later in the afternoon, that she fell in with George. She had been executing a commission for Lady Saltash, and he at once relieved her of her parcel, and insisted on escorting her back to Upper Camden Place.

They had just crossed the street when Sherry's curicle swept round the corner. His start and the expression of frozen amazement on his face were not lost on Hero; and the last shreds of hope that he might have come to Bath to search for her were banished from her mind.

While Sherry was disentangling his curicle from the phaeton she hurried on, saying shakily: "Oh, George, he did not think to see me here! You were right. I never saw him look more shocked. Oh, dear, why was I ever born?"

"Did you see who was with him?" George demanded. "Perdy! He must have told him he was coming here, just as he told me! I must say, I had not thought Perdy would have had sense enough to have come along, too. But what the deuce is to be done now, Kitten? The mischief is in it that he has seen me with you, and he will ask me for your direction. What would you have me to say to him?"

She was unable to make up her mind; but when they reached Camden Place, Lady Saltash took the decision out of her hands, and instructed George to furnish Sherry with the information that Hero was at present residing with her.

Hero, who had been walking about the room in some agitation, paused to intercept in a tone of strong resolution: "George, if he should ask you if I am happy, you are to tell him that I have no time to be anything else, for I am for ever going to parties, and balls, and concerts!" Her voice trembled slightly.

"Tell him that I am become Miss Wantage again! And should you mind very much, dear George, telling him that I have a great many admirers in Bath? And if you dare to let him guess that I miss him, quite dreadfully, I will never speak to you again as long as I live!"

George promised to obey her instructions to the letter; but he looked a little concerned, for he had never seen her face so ravaged. However, Lady Saltash appeared to approve of the commands laid upon him, so he thought he could not do better than to carry them out.

Having a lively curiosity to see Perdy, and being convinced that that young gentleman would shortly arrive in Camden Place, he lingered in Lady Saltash's drawing-room.

WITHIN a surprisingly short space of time a hackney carriage set Perdy down at the door. His faun-like countenance bore such a hunted expression that even Hero could not help laughing, as she joined George at the window to watch the arrival.

But no stress of circumstance ever made Perdy forget his exquisite manners, and when he was ushered into the room a minute later nothing could have been more polished than his bow, or more graceful than the salute he bestowed on Lady Saltash's hand.

"Well, young man," said her ladyship caustically, "you look like a rabbit with a savage dog after it! Is Sheringham hard upon your heels?"

"Thank goodness, ma'am, no!" he replied earnestly. "Very near thing, though! Greatest presence of mind needed!"

"Not to mention absence of body. I collect!"

He raised Hero's hand to his lips. "Lady Sherry! Your very obedient! No wish to alarm you, but we are in the basket! Dashed unfortunate you should have been in Bennett Street just then! Poor Sherry cast into such a pucker. Had no notion you was in Bath, you see. Poor fellow was clean floored!"

"Was he very angry, Perdy?" she asked anxiously.

"Mad as fire!" he assured her. "Taken a pet at seeing George with you. Don't like to think George has been gammoning him all this time. Says he only wants to get his hands on him, so I thought best to come round on the instant and warn you, George."

"I ain't afraid of Sherry!" George said scornfully.

"No, no, George! Pluck to the backbone! All know that! The thing is, you don't want to have Sherry calling you out again!"

"Let him do so if he chooses!" George replied instantly. "I shall be ready for him, I promise you!"

"No, George, you shall not! I won't have Sherry killed!" Hero said quickly.

"That's right!" Perdy approved. "Only set up the backs of people if you kill Sherry, George! Always get over heavy ground as light as one can! Besides, my cousin, you know! Fond of him!"

Friday's Child

Continued from page 30

Yes, that's all very well, but if he challenges me to fight I'm dashed if I'll refuse him satisfaction!"

"For my sake, George!" begged Hero, clasping his arm.

"Oh, very well!" he said. "Mind you, Kitten, I'd not do it for anyone else, and I shall find it mighty hard as it is! Did you come here to warn Lady Sherry, Perdy?"

"Thought I should do so," Perdy explained. "Gill away, couldn't prevail on Sherry not to go to Bath; didn't know you was here. You come to warn her, too?"

"You are so kind to me, both of you!" Hero said warmly. "I am sure no one else had such good friends! Indeed, I thank you, and I do trust, Perdy, that Sherry is not very angry with you."

"Too much on the edge to think whether I had anything to do with your being here," replied Perdy. "Went into the house in the devil of a miff—Lady Sheringham lodging in the Royal Crescent, you know—don't know why; dare say he wanted to tell the incomparable. Seemed to me the moment to go away."

He added hurriedly: "It ain't that I'm afraid of Sherry, but I don't know what I'm to say to him, and once he guesses I knew you was here, Kitten, he's bound to try to get the whole story out of me."

"We are to tell him the truth," George said.

Perdy's eyes started at him. "Dash it, George, he'll tear us limb from limb! What I mean is, hiding his wife from him, bamming him, we hadn't a notion where she was! Making a cake of him!"

SUDDENLY then a really disastrous thought struck Perdy. "Sherry knows I'm putting up at the York!" he declared. "I'll lay a monkey he's there now, ready to pounce on me the instant I step inside the place!"

"Nonsense! If I know Sherry, he's a deal more likely to try to run me to earth!" said George bravely. "In fact, I think I'll go back to the White Hart now, for the sooner I clear this fence the better it will be for us all."

"George, you won't forget that you have faithfully promised me not to call Sherry out, will you?" Hero asked anxiously. "Do you not think Perdy should go with you, just to keep you in mind of it?"

"No, dash it, Kitten!" expostulated Perdy, looking more like a hunted deer than ever. "Bad enough as it is! Besides, it would take a couple of us to hold that pair off from one another's throats. Not a bit of use in my going! Only get hurt!"

At this point, Lady Saltash gave it as her opinion that Lord Wrotham would do much better without Perdy's assistance.

She earned Perdy's undying gratitude by telling him that he might stay to dine in Camden Place, and told George that if Sherry showed any desire to come in search of his wife he was to inform him that she had gone to a private party, and would certainly not return home before midnight.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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BY DAL



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Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

AN established fashion fact is the rise of the Empire waistline. It is possible to achieve this silhouette by a wrapped cummerbund or wrapped sash—reaching from the natural waist to below the bustline.

I have suggested this device to a reader who, in the following letter, asks how to renovate her last season's frock.

Tight sash

"**WOULD** you please help me by suggesting a renovation for a black wool frock I had last year? It is just an ordinary shirt frock made with a round shoulderline, long sleeves, and just a medium-width skirt. Would you also give me a suggestion for a new hat?"

With a few minor changes you can make your last season's dress completely up to date. First of all, snash it lightly round the midriff to get a high under-the-bustline look. Have the sash separate from the dress, made in black velvet and lined with dress canvas. Next, cut the sleeves to three-quarter length and finish them with narrow velvet cuffs. To complete the ensemble, wear one of the new cone hats made in the same black velvet, trimmed with a flyaway feather.

For short figures

"**I** WOULD be so grateful if you would give me some general advice about clothes for the smaller woman. I feel we small women are rather a neglected race. Do you think it is wise for the petite woman to wear very high heels?"

First of all you must learn to scale everything down to your size: small hat, small jewellery, and small detail on all your clothes. Clothes for you have to be the right proportions, if you want to look well turned out and chic. Wear reasonably high heels, but not high enough to make walking an acrobatic feat. When you choose a dress, choose a design that will carry the eye up and down, giving a longer, overall effect. A button-down-the-front coat-dress and a princess line will both lengthen you out a bit. A suit with a bolero jacket is good fashion for a small figure; so is an unbelted, full-length coat—but no excessive fullness, please. Avoid dramatic designs and bold prints; neither will be flattering nor right for you.

Daytime stoles

"**I** AM very taken with the numerous stole fashions illustrated in the newspapers and wondered if it would be a suitable fashion to wear for the daytime."

The stole is already an established daytime accessory, and one that is chic as well as practical. A daytime stole can be made in tweed, sheer wool, jersey, or plaid, with a fringed or fancy braid edge—or it can be in fur or a dress fabric trimmed with fur. Its shape can be triangular or long and wide, enabling it to wrap around the body in generous folds. A stole can match the ensemble with which it is worn or be in direct contrast, both in color and weave.

Peplum into flounce

"**I** HAVE a black wool-de-chine frock; the bodice is well fitted and could remain the same, but the skirt is too short and tight for present styles. The dress has a peplum not attached to the frock. Could you please advise me on remodelling the frock either with similar or contrasting material?"

Many of the new season's dresses show a slim silhouette with fullness released below the knees. From the

description you gave me of your dress I imagine this would be the obvious trend to follow for the renovation. Remove the peplum, and if there is sufficient material to make a not-too-full flounce, do so, and stitch it to the skirt of the dress just below the knee. The length of the skirt should be anything from 11in. to 14in. from the floor, depending on your own proportions. It is, however, quite possible there will not be sufficient material in the peplum for the flounce; this being the case, use a contrast in material (not color), say, satin or taffeta.

Minimum expenditure

"**WOULD** you help me with suggestions for a daytime wardrobe with the thought in mind that I have not a great deal to spend on clothes? I work in an office, and it is necessary for me to be neatly dressed. I have a good overcoat, and the other day I bought enough yellow wool for a skirt and jacket. Please include the latter in your suggestions."

Plan the garments you intend



ADDING a wide belt, backed with canvas, will completely change your dress line.

adding to your wardrobe so they can be interchanged. By doing so you will increase the number of outfits and minimise expenditure. Choose as your basic garment a simple one-piece dress made in feather-grey wool. Add to the dress a matching double-breasted jacket, a short jacket made in your yellow wool, and a really smart hand-knitted cardigan in toffee-tan. By alternating the pieces and changing accessories you can make the one dress suitable for innumerable roles. For instance, the basic dress worn solo with a restaurant hat will be suitable for movies, dinner, or any informal evening occasion.

With the matching jacket you have a chic daytime ensemble, and with your second jacket you will have another complete change for general day wear. Lastly a hand-knitted cardigan made with long kimono sleeves worn with the dress would be casual enough for spectator sports.

Teen-age bridesmaid

"**WOULD** you offer a suggestion for a youthful style for a bridesmaid's dress? The bride is

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

wearing a formal wedding gown, and I am at a loss to know if it would be correct for me to wear a formal, floor-length frock, or perhaps, as I am in my teens, a street-length frock."

When a bride wears a formal bridal gown it is correct for her bridesmaid to conform to an appropriate amount of formality. I won't say corresponding amount, because a bride should always be the centre of the bridal party, her gown slightly more formal and important than those worn by the rest of the wedding group. A dress made in a pastel silk taffeta designed with a youthful, high-necked bodice and demure collar, plus a full skirt, floor length, with a perky bustle-back, would be quite perfect for a teen-age bridesmaid.

Toning colors

"**PLEASE** could you give me some idea about colors for a two-toned frock which I am going to make? I thought perhaps pink and brown, but they seem to be common nowadays. I would be obliged if you could help me."

I was sorry you omitted any mention in your letter of when your dress is to be worn. Whereas certain color combinations look wonderful after dark, they are quite wrong in the daytime. Taffy-brown and black looks chic by day, and new, too; so does elephant-grey and sage-green. There's a lovely new shade called mango, a color with a sun-burnt pinkish tone that looks quite superb combined with a deep earthy-brown—and could be worn day or night. For a formal ball gown you might consider the possibility of deep plum and the palest of pale blue, or if you prefer something more dramatic, black and shocking-pink.

Evening variety

"**MY** husband and I attend quite a number of evening functions, on which occasions I wear a floor-length dinner dress. My problem is that last year I had one good dress and I became very tired of the style. Do you think it possible to have one dress plus changes of some sort or perhaps you might suggest some better idea."

A separate skirt, two separate tops, plus a corselet belt, will solve your problems perfectly. The skirt can be ankle-length or floor-length, full or narrow. If you decide on a slim line, it could be finished with a peplum at the hipline, or perhaps a curved front slit; for a wider silhouette I suggest a design with back fullness perhaps in the form of a bustle or a panel of pleats. Fine wool would be best for the material; the color depends on your own fancy, but I do think one of the new dark shades such as raisin, pine-green, or plum-brown would be new and chic. Have the belt made in the skirt fabric.

For one of the separate tops, I like the idea of a jersey blouse made with an oval, cuffed neckline and three-quarter-length bat sleeves brought into narrow cuffs. Worn with the belt, the effect will be of a planned ensemble. For a second choice I suggest a form-fitting jacket made in velveteen, the jacket cut well into the waist and finished with a jutting-back peplum.

It isn't play-time grime that makes your wash-basin a sight.



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VIM's added cleansing power will remove stains without harming the porcelain.



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FIG 27

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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MARCIA." An attractive winter dressing-gown designed with a double-breasted fastening. The material is a wool chevron, obtainable in dusty-pink, sage-blue, and wine.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/11; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 72/3. Postage 2/- extra.
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"FLO" AND "UNA." Smartly tailored pantees and scanties obtainable either in rayon crepe-de-chine or washing satin. The colors include white, pastel blue, and pastel pink.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 12/3. Postage 8d. extra.

"WINSOME" Figure-flattering petticoat slip. The slip is obtainable in rayon crepe-de-chine or good washing satin in white, pastel pink, or pastel blue.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 19/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 21/6. Postage 10d. extra.

"SHELLEY" A pretty two-piece pyjama suit obtainable either in rayon crepe-de-chine or washing satin. Colors include white, pastel pink, and pastel blue.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 63/3; 36in., 38in., 40in. bust, 47/9. Postage 2/- extra.

N.B.: Please make second color choice.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (give prices in Pattern Department at the address given below for your State). Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) at 2/- post.
 Box 484W, G.P.O. Sydney
 Box 484A, G.P.O. Adelaide
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THIS 10 YEAR OLD SHAWL actually won a show prize after many washes with Velvet!

says AUNT JENNY

Read of the wonderful results Mrs. F. M. Peepall, of 354a Montague Road, West End, Brisbane, and her good neighbour, Mrs. Olive Hukins, also of 354 Montague Road, have had with Velvet. Their experiences certainly prove precious things washed with Velvet stay fresh and new-looking year after year.

(★ Original letters on our file.)

"IT'S A PLEASURE, Aunt Jenny, to add my voice to the thousands you have heard in praise of Velvet. I've always used Velvet because experience has taught me there is nothing like it. If you want to be kind to your linens, kind to your hands, and still have a good reputation for a white wash, use Velvet!"

"Yes, ladies, you can see by the experience of these VELVET users that VELVET makes clothes last so much longer," says Aunt Jenny
"AND HERE ARE THE REASONS WHY"

A 120-YEAR-OLD CHRISTENING ROBE, the pride and joy of Mrs. Peepall's neighbour, Mrs. Olive Hukins. "This robe has been used by three generations," says Mrs. Hukins. "I've been using Velvet Soap for 22 years now and find it excellent for gentle and thorough washing. When I arrived in Australia I soon found Velvet was the best soap to use for this precious garment. I'm quite sure the robe's wonderful condition is due to Velvet washing care."



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—even under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with ordinary inferior soaps. And look how these weary-willy wads have dirt ingrained in the weave!



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—even under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind!



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can walk about anywhere now"*

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Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) FLORENCE PAYNE.

Anyone may interview me at any time. I am a great believer in 'ASPRO'.

Needlework Notions

No. 1228—EARLY MORNING SET

This set would be effective embroidered in shades of corn and green on cream Irish linen, or in pastel colors on pink, blue, lemon, white, or green sheer linen. Mat measures 11in. x 17in.; tea-cosy 8in. x 11in.; serviette 11in. x 11in. Price, 8/3 for the set. Postage, 5d. extra.

No. 1229—SET OF BIBS

Traced on good quality white huckaback, ready to embroider, these bibs measure 8in. x 11in. Finish with narrow hem. Price, 9d. each, or set of 3 for 2/5. Postage, 2d. extra.

No. 1226—LITTLE BOY'S SUIT

Cut out, with full instructions for making, the suit is available in lemon, pale blue, grey, or green cesora. Sizes: 2 yrs., 18in., price 12/3, postage 8d.; 3 yrs., 19in., price 13/11, postage 8d.; 4 yrs., 20in., price 14/3, postage 9d.; 5-6 yrs., 23in., price 14/11, postage 9d.

No. 1225—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK AND HAT

Cut out and ready to machine, this pretty little frock of cesorella has a pastel floral design on pink and white grounds.

Sizes: 1 yr., 17in., frock 9/11, bonnet 5/11, set 15/3, postage 8d.; 2 yrs., 18in., frock 10/3, bonnet 6/11, set 16/9, postage 9d.; 3 yrs., 19in., frock 11/6, bonnet 7/3, set 17/11, postage 10d.; 4 yrs., 20in., frock 12/11, bonnet 7/3, set 19/11, postage 11d.

No. 1227—DUCHESS SET

Traced on good quality cream linen, the set is obtainable in white, pastel-blue, pink, lemon, or green sheer linen, traced ready to embroider. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., smaller ones 8in. x 8in. Lace edging not supplied. Price, 6/11 the set. Postage, 4d. extra.



Fashion PATTERNS



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F5463.—Attractive lace-trimmed evening gown. Sizes, 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material and 8yds. 4in. wide lace. Price, 2/8.

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F5466



F5467



F5469

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 15.



ELDERLY

BUT NEVER ILL

HERE'S WHY!

★ This couple are regular Kruschen users—have been adding the "little daily dose" of Kruschen to their early morning tea for most years of their married life. This small amount of Kruschen (about enough to cover a sixpence) is tasteless in your tea or coffee, yet is enough to stimulate the liver and kidneys and it helps them keep the system free of health-impairing poisonous wastes.

FAMILY HEALTH RULE KEEPS RHEUMATISM AT BAY

"It's more years than we care to remember since an old friend of my husband's family put us on to the habit of taking the small daily dose of Kruschen Salts. Since then we've scarcely had a day's illness—certainly nothing serious. When we hear of friends of our own age suffering with rheumatism and old people's complaints we realise just how much we owe to Kruschen Salts.

"I can assure you we are a family of confirmed 'Kruschen regulars'.

"We only have one daughter who we started off on our daily health rule about the time she came of age. Her radiant health and energy are the envy of her friends. She's to be married shortly, and I feel sure that that will be the beginning of another household of 'Kruschen regulars' just like ours."



***Cleanse your system thoroughly with Kruschen Salts
and rid yourself of undermining poisonous waste matter***

The world's best health assurance is to *always* place paramount importance on internal cleanliness. A body that's thoroughly clean inside has the best chance of keeping healthy.

Keeping the system cleansed of harmful poisonous wastes is the function of the liver and kidneys. When these organs lose their efficiency, poisonous wastes are retained in the system and we feel dull, listless, irritable. These are the usual first signs. If the condition is not immediately corrected, these poisonous wastes can seep into the bloodstream and may give rise to numerous painful ailments, particularly in the case of older people.

Kruschen Salts is a skilful combination of six highly purified natural salts. Their effect is to stimulate the liver and flush the kidneys clean whilst toning up the system generally. These tonic effects enable the system to free itself of poisonous wastes—and a system thus free means a pure and healthy bloodstream.

This eliminates possible causes of . . .

**SEVERE MUSCULAR PAINS AND ACHING JOINTS OF
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, ETC.**

If you are a sufferer you need the medicinal dose of one teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts taken in a tumbler of hot water each morning. This will cleanse your system, your health will improve and you'll feel much better.



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The Tonic Effect of KRUSCHEN Keeps Millions of People Fit!

K21.79



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the s.s. Jason to the land where Lothar lived as a boy. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who, despite Mandrake's promise of an uneventful voyage, has a premonition of danger. When the Jason calls at Sandan, the capital of a desert kingdom, the

Sheikh's invitation to visit him is presented by **CROWN PRINCE ADEM:** An unpleasant young man, a contrast to his father, the kindly **SHEIKH OF SANDAN:** Who greets them courteously. While showing Narda the palace gardens Prince Adem makes unwelcome advances. Mandrake appears and pushes him into the fountain. **NOW READ ON:**



THE FOPPISSH PRINCE IS OUTRAGED. "SHOOT THE PIG!" HE CRIES. CALLING HIS GUARDS.



BUT THE SHEIKH OF SANDAN, THE PRINCE'S FATHER, STRIDES ANGRILY INTO THE GARDEN. "GUARD, LOWER YOUR GUN!" HE SHOUTS STERNLY. "I SAW IT ALL."



"I APOLOGIZE FOR MY SON'S UNWORTHY ACTION," SAYS THE SHEIKH. "HE IS A WORTHLESS, NO-GOOD FOP, AND MY ONLY SON. ALLAH FORGIVE ME."



"YOU'VE BROUGHT DISGRACE ON MY HOUSE BY INSULTING OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS, YOU FRIVOLOUS BRAT!" CRIES THE GREAT SHEIKH, SHOVING PRINCE ADEM BACK INTO THE FOUNTAIN.



THEY RETURN TO THE JASON "THE SHEIKH IS A GRAND OLD MAN, BUT THAT SON! I HOPE WE NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN," SAYS NARDA, AS THE YACHT MOVES SLOWLY UP THE RIVER.



PRINCE ADEM WATCHES FROM A PALACE TOWER. "THEY HUMILIATED ME, LAUGHED AT ME," HE SNARLS WITH RAGE. "FOLLOW THEM, TELL ME WHERE THEY GO. THEY HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF PRINCE ADEM!"



TO BE CONTINUED

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

The Australian Women's Weekly this week restores the Astrology feature in response to requests from a great number of readers.

FORMERLY it was written by June Marsden, who is now abroad. Wynne Turner is also an enthusiastic astrologer. She regrets she is unable to answer any letters.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A rather hectic week in your emotional and personal life. Avoid sharp words and misunderstandings on March 31. Choose April 1 for important matters. April 3 is fair, but on April 4 you could be far too generous, over-enthusiastic, and rash. April 5 (early) could be deceptive.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): This week is somewhat hampering and restrictive. You may have to watch health and work. On March 31 you may be dervy and irritable, but can make up lost time on April 1. Some progress on April 3, but April 4 exhausting, making April 5 unproductive.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Don't expect too much this week, for disappointments are in the air. Watch for unexpected mishaps on March 31. Expect some progress in business and social life on April 1. Continue to push ahead on April 3, but don't over-estimate success on April 4, because disillusionment may follow next day.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): March 30 and 31 adverse, with many pinpricks in domestic and professional life. April 1 and 3 are your lucky days, with some wish gratified. Be careful on April 4 and 5 that over-expansion and generosity do not end in confusion.

LEO (July 22 to Aug 21): Matters pertaining to education, correspondence, travel, law, or relatives will absorb your attention this week. March 31 brings some unexpected and muddled conditions. April 1 is your best day, so make hay while the sun shines. April 3 fair, but April 4 and 5 promise a lot that ends in smoke.

VIRGO (Aug 22 to Sept 21): A disappointing week for business, especially when results depend on the co-operation of another. Diffidence of opinion crop up on March 31, but seem to straighten out on April 1. Progress may then be made, but don't expect temporary good conditions of April 4 to last, as April 5 is decidedly hampering.

LIBRA (Sept 22 to Oct 21): Be cautious and tactful this week. Control nerves and erratic behaviour on March 31. Choose April 2 for progress and general goodwill. April 3 is fair. April 4 is romantic, with proposals near at hand, but on April 5 love matters can be unsatisfactory.

SCORPIO (Oct 22 to Nov 21): Your health may need attention this week, and work will absorb most of your time. Don't overdo things on March 31, but expect some luck and good tidings on April 1. April 3 is harmonious and April 4 very stimulating. On slow on April 5, because muscles mark the day.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22 to Dec 21): Cut down your pleasures on March 31. April 4 and 5, for you could be rash. Choose April 1 for progress in heart affairs and speculation. April 2 is nearly as good.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22 to Jan 21): Your home and domestic life may be upset a little this week. Don't choose March 31, April 4 or 5 for changes or removals. April 1 brings many opportunities, and April 3 is fair. Choose those two dates for important matters.

AQUARIUS (Jan 22 to Feb 21): Don't wear yourself out or cause friction on March 31. Avoid relatives correspondence, and journeys. Go ahead with confidence on April 1 and enjoy the opportunity for outings on April 3. April 4 stars excellently, but ends with dissatisfaction, which extends a little into April 5.

PISCES (Feb 22 to March 21): An over-optimistic outlook on money prevails for part of this week. You may lack good judgment on March 31, but make headway on April 1. April 3 is fair, and April 4 warns you not to over-spend. April 5 can be deceptive.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

Film exhibitors say this will be Robert Ryan's year

His toughness and charm have audience appeal

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

In the list of the 10 film players most likely to become top stars in 1949, American film exhibitors have nominated only one man, and he is Robert Ryan.

The all-girl roster (with the exception of Ryan) includes Cyd Charisse, Ann Blyth, Celeste Holm, Jane Powell, Mona Freeman, Doris Day, Angela Lansbury, Eleanor Parker, and Jean Peters.

"YOU can say I'm happy to be among them," Ryan grinned. "And I don't mean maybe."

"It's awfully nice to be the only male on the list," Robert said. "But I feel as conspicuous as the man who got into a girls' school by mistake."

"As a matter of fact, I was once in a girls' school, as dramatic coach. I'm just the guy to recognise the feeling."

But don't believe that Bob's over-awed. If there's one man in Hollywood who can take it, it's broad-shouldered, he-man Robert Ryan.

The only time he ever willingly cashed in on his unquestioned good looks was for a short period when he was working as a photographer's model.

"Don't hold it against me," Robert said. "I was hard up. Besides, I was only chosen for rugged types."

Ever since his discharge from the Marine Corps in November of 1945, R.K.O., which holds his contract, has been grooming dark-haired Ryan for stardom.

"I've had a pretty steady list of film assignments," he told me, "starting with 'The Woman On the Beach' After that there were 'Crossfire', 'Berlin Express', and 'The Return of the Badmen'."

"Speaking of 'Crossfire,'" he said, "that was one part I asked for. I'd met the author of the book, Richard Brooks, when we were both in the Marines."

"He impressed me right away as the sort of man who'd write about a character I'd want to play."

After filming in Germany with the "Berlin Express" unit, Bob hit the headlines by wanting to bring back to America the Mercedes armored car formerly belonging to Nazi leader Von Ribbentrop.

An early film that helped Bob attain his present screen eminence was "Tender Comrade" in which he played with Ginger Rogers. Remember the good impression he made as her husband?

Currently, Ryan is in training for a prizefighting picture called "The Set-up." He'll handle the boxing sequences himself, because he holds the record of no defeats in four years of intercollegiate boxing.

Plus that, Ryan graduated from college in 1933 with the highest marks possible.

However, the studious life didn't appeal to tough-fisted Robert, who wanted something more active than a life spent poring over books.

It's no publicity story that he spent the next years working as a mobster's bodyguard, a cowboy, a miner, and a seaman.

Long Contracts Dropped

VANISHED from the Rank long-term contract list: Stewart Granger, Patricia Roc, Anne Crawford, Valerie Hobson, and Sally Gray. Rated fourth British box-office attraction, Pat Roc has signed with Anna Neagle's producer - husband, Herbert Wilcox. Rank will still use these people from time to time on a free-lance basis.

"After that I wanted a change and took to acting," Bob said. "Before I got a break in pictures I'd been playing on the stage with Luise Rainer and Tallulah Bankhead."

Robert was married in 1939 to mystery story writer Jessica Gadwallader. They have a small son, Timothy.

"There isn't any mystery to me in Bob's being among the ten selected," she said, "unless it's the mystery of why they took so long to choose him. But, then, I don't suppose it's fair to expect exhibitors to have a wife's perception."

The exhibitors of America in the past have run up a highly respectable record. Players who have won their award include Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain, Van Johnson, June Allyson, Anne Baxter, and Cornel Wilde.

This, according to them, is the year to watch tall, handsome Robert Ryan.



RUGGED Robert Ryan, who has been described as "a big guy who doesn't like people who kick little guys round," forgets social questions while he plays with his son Timothy. Ryan's next film will be "The Boy With Green Hair."

TALKING OF FILMS

★★ The Velvet Touch

EVERY comic is sure he can play Hamlet, every comedian certain she's capable of a new and better interpretation of Hedda Gabler.

During R.K.O.'s melodrama, "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell gets her chance to play Hedda, as the film includes a scene from Ibsen's famous drama.

But all she proves is that she is an incomparable sophisticate who doesn't possess the technical resources of a dramatic actress. Wide, staring eyes aren't enough to express, in turn, loathing, fear, despair, and horror.

In this well-made film, Ros is a popular actress who, during a quarrel, kills her possessive producer, and looks as though she is going to get away with it. Sydney Greenstreet, bland and urbane, is the detective who works on the case.

Leon Ames makes the producer

interesting and real, and Englishman Leo Genn, the cause of the murder, has something of the physical plainness, charm, and sincerity of a young Ralph Richardson. He makes you watch him all the time when he's on the screen.

The film is at the Century.—A.B.

★★ Hills of Home

A LOT of people dote on dear old country doctors, dogs, Scotland, and a good cry. For them — and them only — M.G.M. have made "Hills of Home," in what surely should be called blushing technicolor.

As the crusty old gien practitioner, who, night or day, shine or snow, lives for his patients, Edward Gwynn gives a first-rate performance. Lassie, who has to master her unsheepdog-like terror of water before she can make good in the eyes of her owner's drinking companions, again proves she is a good deal smarter than many of Hollywood's two-legged performers.

Tom Drake, the young doctor in the making, has little to do except writhe realistically when he gets appendicitis and gives the old doctor his opportunity to use chloroform for the first time. Janet Leigh, the girl Tom loves, is only asked to look pretty.

The film is notable for two things — one of the longest death-bed scenes on record and the masterly way those two seasoned old performers, Gwynn and Donald Crisp, play it for every tear.

The film is at the St. James.—A.B.

★ Miss Tatlock's Millions

SO much talent has been combined to make Paramount's farce, "Miss Tatlock's Millions," that I regret having to list it as not being my idea of fun.

It is unedifying to have an insane young man as the central figure of a film, and the production cannot be considered as one of the brightest ideas of producer Charles Brackett.

There can be no question, though, that John Lund and little Wanda Hendrix will make scores of new friends as a result of their work in the picture, and they make a good romantic team.

Lund plays a film stunt man, who takes the job of impersonating the missing insane heir to a huge fortune.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

The heir acts more like an animal than a human being, and I thoroughly disliked the scenes in which Lund, as Schuyler Talbot, grimaced and whimpered while his unpleasant, greedy relatives plotted to do him out of his millions.

When he reverts to the role of stunt actor Burke, Lund shows the talent he possesses for good straight romantic acting, and his scenes with Wanda Hendrix, who plays Nancy Tatlock, are delightful.

The elfin charm of Wanda Hendrix is increasing with each film, and, with careful casting, the screen future of this tiny actress seems assured.

Monty Woolley, Ilka Chase, Robert Stack, Dorothy Stickney, and Lini Erickson all portray people who are dishonest, conniving, and extremely unpleasant.

Barry Fitzgerald's whisky-soaked guardian of the insane Schuyler is not much more likeable than the others.

The pace of the film is brisk, some of the dialogue very funny, and the settings could not be bettered.

It is at the Prince Edward.—M.A.B.

★ That Hagen Girl

MADE two years ago, Warners' "That Hagen Girl" presents Shirley Temple as an unhappy adolescent, the centre, through no fault of her own, of small-town gossip.

Ronald Reagan is pleasantly quiet as the lawyer who scandalomously insists is Shirley's real father. But it's too much to ask audiences to believe that he falls in love and marries her, rather than his contemporary and far more suitable schoolteacher Lois Maxwell.

As Shirley's adopted parents, Dorothy Peterson and Charles Kemper are outstandingly sincere. Roy Calhoun, as her weak boy-friend, is likeable enough to make any audience wish he were a bit stronger.

While high school girls might play Juliet exactly as Shirley Temple does, Warners would have been wiser not to thrust this test on the shoulders of their willing but usually non-Shakespearean star.

The film is at the Mayfair.—A.B.



JEAN KENT, the photogenic star of "Trotter True," takes a final look at her make-up before going before the cameras for a scene filmed in London's Hyde Park. Based on the popular novel by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon, "Trotter True" is a Two Cities technicolor production, directed by Brian Desmond Hurst.

News from the studios

By cable from our London office.

FILM mogul Rank's talent scouts have spotted and signed-up an Australian, lovely Jacqueline Pike, daughter of Queensland's Agent-General in London.

Jacqueline is tall, elegant, and blonde, with a superb complexion and a great amount of poise. She worked hard for success by touring in the hardest and best acting school, provincial repertory.

For films she's changed her last name from Pike to Byrne. Her first part is that of a television announcer in "Train of Events." It's a good piece of casting, because Jacqueline has a beautifully modulated voice.

John McCallum helped her get her break. He introduced her to the Rank Organisation, arranged for them to send talent scouts to the Embassy Theatre to see her in "Daddy Long Legs." As a result, she's signed a ten-year contract.

NEW Scottish star Rona Anderson is trying hard to lose a most fascinating Scotch accent for her new star part in a film of Eric Linklater's "Foot's Pub."



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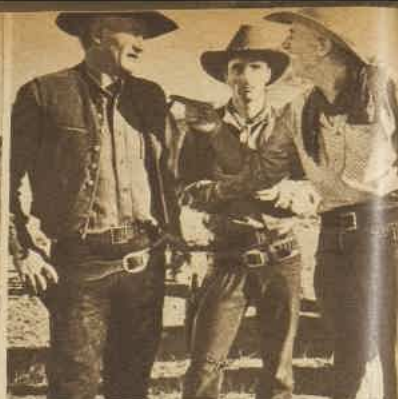
AFTER THE CONCERT

or after the ball,
Into the street from the sheltering hall;
Then is the cold catching time for us all,
The moment of danger be sure,
Winter mischances our happiness mar,
Sore throat, bronchitis and nasal catarrh;
Then for its advent how grateful we are,
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For Coughs, Colds — remember
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1 UNCHARACTERISTIC softness is shown by hardbitten cattleman Thomas Dunson (John Wayne), when he finds and adopts wild orphan boy (Montgomery Clift) of dangers of moving herd to Missouri and better market.



2 OLD TIMER Groot (Walter Brennan) warns Dunson and adopted son (Montgomery Clift) of dangers of moving herd to Missouri and better market.



3 STUBBORN Dunson refuses to believe the news of a new railway and closer market that is brought to the party halfway through their long and hazardous trip, with big herd, to Missouri.



4 DISAGREEING with foster-father, Matthew takes herd after fight in which Dunson is hurt, and sets out for the town of Abilene and the new railroad.



RED RIVER A Western Epic

PRODUCED and directed by Howard Hawks, "Red River" shows that, given expert handling, a strong theme, and strong cast, a Western can possess depth as well as breadth.

New sensation Montgomery Clift (this is his first picture, though his second, "The Search," has already been released) gives a virile, toughly charming performance that refuses to be dwarfed by Indian attacks, cattle stampedes, or intermittent gun-play.



5 HURT in Indian attack, Tess Millay (Joanne Dru) learns from Matthew of Dunson's threat to find and kill him.

6 FOLLOWING Matthew, Dunson refuses to listen to Tess when she begs him to give up his threat of vengeance.



7 SUCCESSFULLY accomplishing their cattle drive to Abilene, Matthew and the others of his party find that the new railroad is a fact and a future cattle market as a result seems assured.



8 REFUSING to draw gun on Dunson when they meet, Matthew finally earns his foster-father's forgiveness and his approval for him to marry Tess.

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 2, 1949

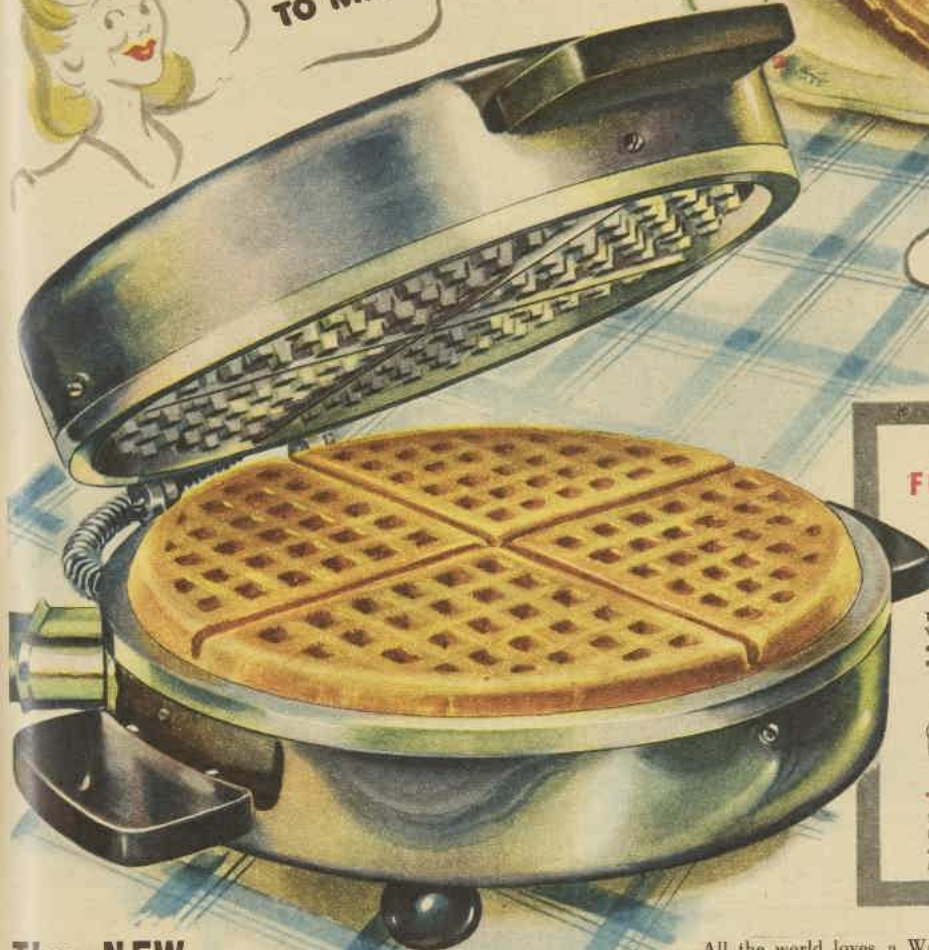
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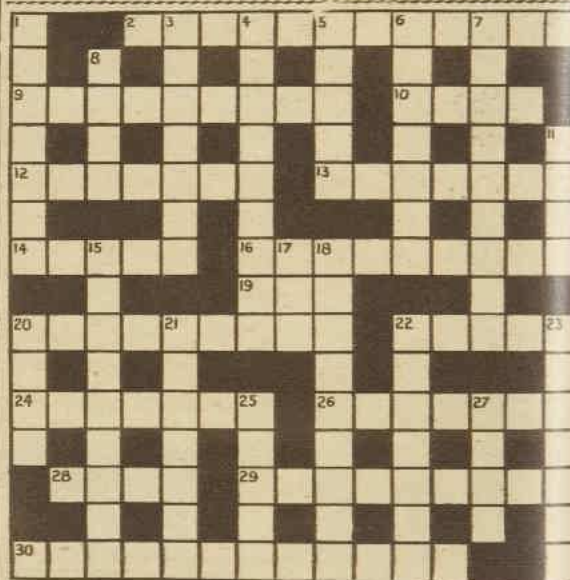


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Portrait of a cat. This is a portrait of a cat in classic pose—sitting on a mat. There is some argument about the expression it wears. Some people say it is angry. But its position appears too comfortable and settled for that. Others say it is laughing. Then, again, it may be yawning, bored stiff. What do you think?



CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 35

ACROSS

2. Two European peoples it's found best to gloss over? (6, 6).
9. To open an army dining-room is the way to treat the remaining green emissary (9).
10. Finches (4).
12. Teaser doesn't need liquid refreshment coupled up finding a snake (7).
13. The perfume from the German town in 9 across? (7).
14. What one did before the new hands at cards were bad? (3).
16. If affected with dread an accident has a wrinkle (9).
19. Our Navy did it away? Certainly not! (3).
20. Dapper hen (anag.) (9).
22. Even shorter thanks content the comical young miss! (5).
24. Pleased to go to a sanctuary for chest, especially as Alan is inside (7).
26. How to thrash a favorite dog? (1).
28. Ready business house (4).
29. In which one does a cruise to the Great Barrier? (may tie you up) (4, 4).
30. Projector with which three wise men from the East and a tribe of Scots finish a seabird (5, 7).

DOWN

1. Stuffed finding Cile in bed (7).
3. Stagger at the dialect, but do not have the face to return your sitting member (7).
4. Suitable name for the beast you dream about? (5 down may help) (9).
5. Clothes may come before stockings are put inside, to follow the draught, no doubt (5).
6. Caprine is upsetting to set poetry in (7).
7. Apprentice's agreement in false teeth (9).
8. Employer sure is in a muddle (4).
11. Look for (4).
15. It's upsetting father ringing and making an earnest request (9).
17. Wagon not to go in when pale and sickly (3).
18. We men don't (anag.) (9).
21. Cargo ship that leaves the sea to pick up the golden fleece (4).
23. Describes the disease in the finish to a new form of mice (7).
25. If you put on your consideration cap you're a fine seker, but only if you don't observe! (7).
27. Painting of pictures is by a craftsman (7).
29. Am about to finish and not see the opera? (5).
31. Billiards played in a puddle? (4).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 31

ACROSS: 1—Restoring (anag.), 4—Heath (hidden), 9—Ab-use, 10—Try/ump-hal, 11—Padding, 12—Drove-and, 13—Botanica, 15—Ducks, 18—Ee-et, 20—Ye-o-man/T.F., 23—Extrude (hidden), 26—Club-bed, 27—Drognita, 28—D/r/rar, 29—Yield, 30—Ad-be-vent.

DOWN: 1—Sta/m/pa, 2—A-hun-dance, 3—Ate-lier, 4—Integrity (anag.), 5—Gren-d, 6—Hammond (hidden), 7—As-ben, 8—Holidays (anag.), 14—Slovench, 16—C-a-rib-bean, 17—Celer/H/y, 19—Trudged, 21—A-unn-der, 25—Ado-rex, 29—Ts-chn, 31—Erica (anag.).

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Measurement Chart for Dress WWR170

Size	9	13	17	14	16	18
Bust	30	32½	34½	33½	35	36
Waist	24	26	29	26½	27½	30
Seat	33	35	37½	36	38½	40
Length	44	46	48	46	47	49

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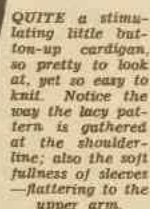
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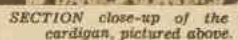
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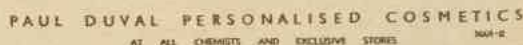


Lacy little handknit

Next Row: Purl 22 sts., leave next 35 sts. on a stitch-holder, join on a second ball of yarn, p 22 sts., work in st-st. on these 22 sts. each side, inc. at side seams every 4th row to



Press work carefully on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. (When pressing lace, stretch it out so that it will fit to front of jumper.) Sew lace to each side of fronts and sew lace down centre of sleeves. Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams; sew in sleeves seam to seam, gathering fullness to top of sleeve. Sew buttons at front above ribbing 1 in. apart; work crochet loops on right side to correspond.



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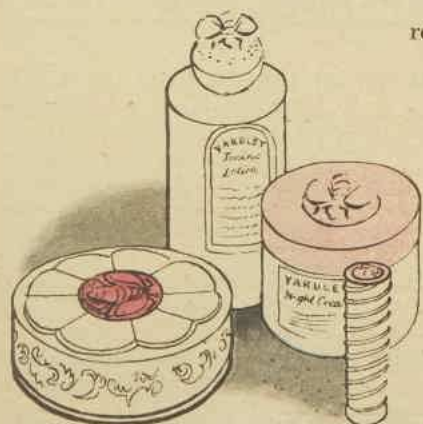
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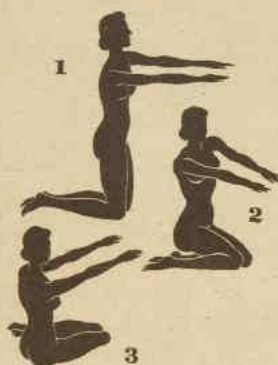
By CAROLYN EARLE, our Beauty Expert

● In the cause of health, figure fitness, and demanding fashions, do these set-ups if the outline seems to have a tendency to bulge or sag at the crucial points of bust, waist, and hipline.

INCIDENTALLY, they are also wonderful encouragement for an already trim figure to remain that way.

The positions of each exercise are identified by numbers.

For slender, flat, and flexible hips



Actually a twist for the lower hips. It should be performed without swinging the arms. Don't forget—1-2-1-3-1 procedure.

1. Kneel and outstretch the arms at shoulder height, feet together at the back.

2. Keeping the feet steady, and without swinging the arms at all, twist a bit and lower the hip to the left. No need to be too gentle about it, but do take care not to bump the spine.

Now back to position number 1, and

3. Twist-bump the hip to the right.

The return to position 1 completes this valuable exercise.

Repeat two or three times at first, if it can be managed, slowly and carefully.

For a firm, high bustline

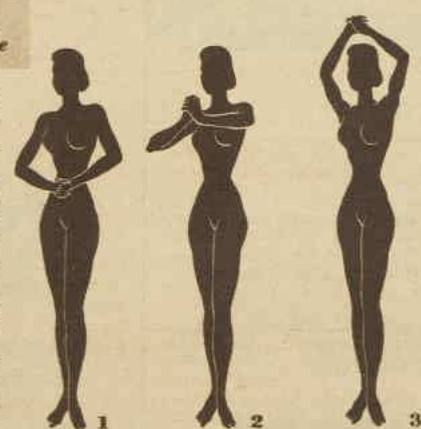
Here the action is one of continuous pressure.

1. Stand in good posture, hands clasped together about waist level.

2. Pressing one hand strongly against the other, slowly raise them until they have reached chin height.

3. Without relaxing, and maintaining firm pressure throughout, continue until the clasped hands have been slowly elevated to above the head.

Return to position 2, then 1, and relax before repeating, 6 times in all.



For a trim, attenuated waistline



This is a trunk-rotating movement, where knees are reached with the opposite elbow.

1. Take up a floor position, spine pressed flat all along, hands clasped at head back, knees bent, and feet flat on the floor.

2. Slowly raise the upper body and twist at the waist to touch the right elbow to the left knee.

3. Now reverse the procedure so the left elbow touches the right knee, or as near as can be managed.

Still slowly, return through stage 2 to number 1 original. Twice to start, gradually building up.



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Cut three hard cooked eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolks, mash and combine with two tablespoons Kraft Mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper and fill the whites with the mixture. Cook 6 ozs. spaghetti or macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and place in a shallow casserole.

Melt 6 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheese in a double boiler with half cup milk. When smoothly melted, mix half of it thoroughly with the spaghetti.

Arrange the stuffed eggs on top of the casserole and pour the remainder of the cheese sauce on top of the eggs.

Bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven (350°F.). Place the casserole on a warmed plate and surround with grilled tomato halves. Serves four.

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Oven Fresh

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● New and enthusiastic home-makers will welcome these foundation recipes for scones, pastries, loaves, and biscuits, with suggestions for varying flavors and dressing them up for special occasions.

LEARN to make the foundation recipes well before starting on the variations. To do this, it is necessary to know the oven—its capabilities and its limitations.

If your type of stove has no thermostat or thermometer, heat the oven for 15 minutes, then place 1 teaspoonful of flour on a flat tin and leave 5 minutes on the shelf to be used for baking.

Flour will color pale fawn if oven is slow; golden brown if oven is moderate; milk-chocolate brown if oven is hot; nigger-brown if oven is very hot.

Weigh and measure all ingredients accurately; remember all spoon measurements in these recipes refer to level spoons.

Correct oven position is important, too. Scones, pastries, loaves, tea-cakes, and biscuits are placed above the centre of the oven in gas, fuel, or kerosene stoves; below the centre in electric stoves.

SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour (or plain flour with 4 teaspoons baking powder), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 cup milk (or 1 cup water, and 2 tablespoons dried milk powder sifted with the flour).

Sift dry ingredients twice. Rub in butter with fingertips. Mix to a soft dough with the milk. Turn on to lightly floured board and knead lightly. Roll or press to 1 in. thickness. Cut into rounds or squares with floured cutter or knife. Lift on to floured or greased scone tray, brush tops with milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Lift on to cake-cooler, cover with clean tea-towel. This quantity makes approximately 12 scones of average size.

Orange Scones. (See color photograph.) Sift 4 tablespoons icing sugar with dry ingredients. After rubbing in butter, add 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Add 1 beaten egg to milk. Before cooking brush tops with warmed honey instead of milk. Sprinkle with grated orange rind.

Sweet Wholemeal Scones: Use half wholemeal self-raising flour and half white self-raising flour. Add 2 tablespoons brown sugar, and mix a beaten egg with the milk.

Cheese Scones: After rubbing in the butter, add 1 cup grated cheese, and add 1 beaten egg to the milk. Two tablespoons sugar may be added if desired.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Four tablespoons self-raising flour, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon

salt, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter (or a mixture of both), 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift dry ingredients twice, rub in shortening. Add sugar, mix to a dry dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Cut with round cutter and line party-tins; or lift into 7 in. tart plate, mould around sides and bottom. Cut surplus pastry from edge of plate with sharp knife. Prick base and sides well with a fork. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes for large tart, 8 to 10 minutes for tarts.

LEMON CRUMB TART

(See color photograph)

One biscuit pastry case, baked as above, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup lemon juice, grated rind of 2 small lemons, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 12 cups stale cake crumbs, 3 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, cherries to decorate.

Place sugar, water, and lemon juice into saucepan. Stir over heat until sugar is dissolved. Add flour and cornflour blended with extra water. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 1 minute, fold in beaten egg-yolks and butter. Fold in cake crumbs and 1 stiffly beaten egg-white. Turn into cooked pastry case, allow to cool. Top with meringue made with remaining egg-white and extra sugar. Bake in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Decorate with cherries.

NUT-LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour (or 2 cups plain flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder), 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup finely chopped nuts, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening. Add sugar and nuts, mix well. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin, 8 in. x 4 in., or 2 nut-roll tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes for loaf-tin, 30 to 40 minutes for nut-roll tins. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler.

Spiced Raisin Nut-Loaf. (See color photograph.) With the dry ingredients sift 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon, and spice. After rubbing in the shortening, add 1 dessertspoon

grated lemon rind, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins; cook in 8 in. x 4 in. loaf-tin, sprinkle top with extra chopped nuts before cooking.

Date-Loaf: Sift 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda with dry ingredients. Substitute 1 cup chopped dates for the 1 cup nuts (or use both if desired); add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Mix and bake as directed for nut-loaf.

BANANA CREAM PIE

One biscuit pastry case cooked as above, 2 bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons flour, 11 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Peel bananas, cut into slices; place on flat plate, add lemon juice. Blend flour smoothly with some of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Fold in butter, egg-yolks, vanilla, and lemon rind. Lift banana slices from lemon juice; arrange in pastry case. Pour custard over, allow to become cold. Whip egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Pile on to tart. Bake in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

TEA-CAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a dough with beaten egg and milk, adding any desired flavoring such as vanilla, grated lemon or orange rind. Divide into two greased 7 in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. While still hot, brush top with sugar syrup, melted butter, softened peanut butter, or dust with icing sugar.

Honey Fruit Tea-Ring. (See color photograph.) Omit sugar, mix 2 tablespoons honey with the milk. Turn dough on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll to oblong shape 1 in. thick. Combine 1½ cups mixed fruit, 1 tablespoon shredded peel, 1 tablespoon sugar, juice of 1 lemon. Cook gently 5 or 6 minutes, until fruit is softened. Stir in 1 cup well-drained stewed apple pulp, allow to become quite cold. Spread over tea-cake mixture, moisten edges. Roll up as for Swiss roll, starting to roll from the longest side. Form into ring shape on greased oven-tray. With scissors snip through outer edge of roll at 1 in. intervals, turning each piece slightly sideways to show filling. Brush with milk or egg and milk. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes, until lightly browned. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, coat each twist with lemon-flavored icing, sprinkle with chopped cherries and peel or nuts.

BISCUITS

Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla or 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind, 1 egg or 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour (or 4oz. plain flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder), 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and flavoring. Add beaten egg and milk. Work in sifted dry ingredients, making a dry dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Cut to size and shape required with floured cutter. Place on greased tray, bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. When cold, join with any desired filling, top with icing if liked.

MARSHMALLOW BISCUITS

(See color photograph)

Make and bake biscuits as directed above. Cool on cake-cooler. Top each biscuit with a dab of raspberry jam. Soften 1 dessertspoon gelatine in 1 cup hot water, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, allow to cool. Beat 1 egg-white stiffly, gradually add soaked gelatine, then 1 cup well-sifted icing sugar. Whisk until thick, add any desired coloring. Spoon on to biscuits, allow to set. Tops may be sprinkled with coconut (colored or plain) before topping sets.

Caramel Wafers: Line slab-tin with biscuit mixture rolled 1 in. thick. Beat 2 egg-whites stiffly, gradually add 5 tablespoons brown sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread over biscuit mixture, sprinkle with finely chopped walnuts or almonds. Bake as directed.

Date or Fruit Slices: Roll biscuit mixture as above, place half on greased oven-tray. Spread with a mixture of softened date pulp flavored with lemon juice and grated lemon rind, or a mixture of chopped sultanas and raisins. Moisten edges, place other half of biscuit dough on top; press lightly on to fruit. Brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Cut into squares or finger lengths while still warm.

Rainbow Whirls: Divide biscuit dough into three portions. Work a little blended cocoa into one-third, cochineal into one-third; leave balance plain. Roll each portion very thinly, place one upon the other, first brushing with milk. Roll into a long, thin roll, chill in ice-chest or refrigerator 1 hour. Cut into 1 in. slices, place cut side down on greased tray. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes.



THE GOOD THINGS pictured above are variations of simple basic recipes: Orange scones, lemon crumb tart, spiced raisin nut-loaf, honey fruit tea-ring, and marshmallow biscuits. The foundation recipes, with other variations, are given on this page.

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MUSHROOM-STUFFED TRIPE ROLLS served with sauteed mushrooms and onion cheese sauce make a substantial and appetising dinner dish and win a prize in this week's contest.

★
VEAL AND SPAGHETTI LOAF, a prize-winner this week, is rich in flavor and nourishment and will make a small quantity of meat cover a larger number of helpings. Served with a crisp salad and red currant jelly (if liked), it makes an ideal luncheon or dinner dish.



Lamb dish wins prize

VARY the service of baked lamb by adding flavor interest as suggested by a Queensland reader who wins first prize of £10 in this week's recipe contest.

The meat absorbs a new flavor from the apricot stuffing—served with apricot sauce, it makes a dish suitable for special—occasion dinners.

Remember, all spoon measurements are level.

ROAST LAMB AND APRICOT SAUCE

Shoulder of lamb, salt, pepper, 1 small onion, 2 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 6 apricots (fresh or tinned or home preserved), 5 tablespoons fat, 1 cup apricot juice, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup apricot pulp, 1½ cups stock or water.

Have butcher bone the shoulder of lamb. Wipe over with a damp cloth, spread flat. Skin and chop onion finely. Saute until tender in 1 dessertspoon of the melted margarine or butter. Add 1 cup of breadcrumbs, brown lightly. Chop apricots, add to onion and crumbs with mint, season with salt and pepper. Spread along centre of meat, roll up, secure with coarse thread or fine string. Place in baking-dish with fat and apricot juice. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. P. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) until tender—allowing 30 minutes for each pound of meat. Brown balance of crumbs in balance of margarine or butter, and pack on top of meat roll 10 minutes before serving. Lift meat on to hot dish, remove thread carefully, keep hot until sauce is prepared. Drain all but 1 tablespoon fat from dish, add flour, stir over heat until smooth and brown. Add stock, apricot pulp, salt, and pepper. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Serve in heated gravy-boat.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. B. M. Blunt, James St., New Farm, Qld.

MUSHROOM-STUFFED TRIPE WITH CHEESE AND ONION SAUCE

One pound tripe (cut in one large piece if possible), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup skinned chopped mushrooms (less may be used), 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 pint milk.

Wash tripe, scrape underside. Place in cold water, bring to boiling point, drain. Cover with fresh cold water, bring to boil, simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Drain again. Trim sides, making one large rectangular piece or two smaller pieces. Chop onion finely, saute until tender with mushrooms in 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter. Combine with breadcrumbs, salt, and pepper. Spread over tripe, roll up like a roly-poly—starting to roll from the longest side. Secure with cotton, place in casserole dish. Dot with balance of margarine or butter, add milk. Cover; bake in moderate oven (375deg. P. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 1 to 1½ hours until tender. Prepare sauce.

Sauce: Two small onions, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup grated cheese, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper.

Melt margarine or butter, add onion, saute until tender but not brown. Add flour, stir until smooth, cook 1 minute. Add milk, cheese, salt and pepper. Stir until boiling.

Lift tripe roll into heated serving-dish, add hot sauce; garnish with a few sauteed mushrooms, tomato wedges, and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to S. Stibbs, 46 Hunter St., Wonthaggi, Vic.

VEAL AND SPAGHETTI LOAF

Two cups diced cooked veal (or beef, or tinned meat), 1 cup chopped, cooked ham, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup hot water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup cooked spaghetti (or macaroni), 3 eggs, 1 chopped medium-sized onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon celery salt, browned crumbs.

Place breadcrumbs in large basin, moisten with hot water. Add veal, ham, parsley, cheese, salt, pepper, celery salt. Rinse spaghetti in cold water and add. Beat eggs, fold into other ingredients, mixing all well together. Grease large ring-tin or loaf-tin, lightly coat with browned crumbs. Pack mixture into tin and (if liked) place strips of bacon over surface. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. P. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 55 to 65 minutes. Allow to cool well before removing from tin. When cold, slice and serve with crisp green salad.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. J. Wagland, Nutgrove, Cooyar Line, Qld.



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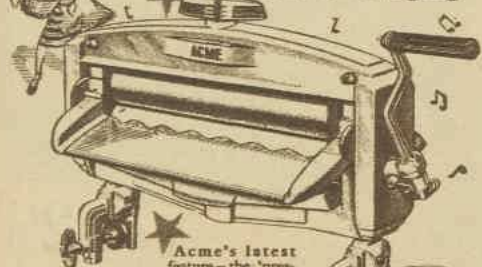
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BEDROOM in the
home of Dr. and
Mrs. O'Gorman
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Gardens, Edge-
cliff, N.S.W., is
colorful and
charming. The
creamy walls and
soft apple-green
carpet make a per-
fect setting for the
cedar furniture
and the buttercup-
yellow glazed
chintz spreads and
curtains which are
spangled with ap-
plique field
flowers in pretty
pastel tones.



Original touches in room decor



GLIMPSE OF DINING-TABLE. Place-mats are of
the same material as curtains, quilted to bring out
the pattern and trimmed with grey-blue candlewick.
Silver candlesticks, with rich claret candles, are
decorated with a double pink hibiscus.

By **EVE GYE,**
Editor of our **Homemaker Department**

GRACIOUS and charming place
is the flat of Dr. and Mrs. O'Gor-
man Hughes, at Edgecliff Gar-
dens, Edgecliff, N.S.W. It is also
spiced with originality, for Mrs. O'Gorman Hughes
has introduced into the furnishing scheme clever ideas
that cost practically nothing.

For instance, she has given a novel touch to a huge
glass lamp by clipping a jade necklace around its
"neck." She bought an old gramophone case for a
"song," skilfully lined the interior and inside lid with
a pretty fabric, and uses it as a cocktail cabinet.

She also quilted and padded the top section of their
record-player with a soft green crepe to harmonise
with the color scheme.

From the garden she gathered the green-hued
blossoms of hydrangeas and uses them over and over
again with other blossoms to decorate her rooms.

The color scheme of the bedroom is striking. An
apple-green carpet and vivid buttercup glazed chintz
curtains and bedspreads give an appearance of cap-
tured sunshine to the room, and are a perfect foil for
the mahogany and cedar furniture.

Twin bedside lamps with apple-green and white
bases, vivid yellow taffeta shades, and baby cushions
of jade and yellow piled on an old-gold damask chair
repeat the scheme.

Mrs. O'Gorman Hughes worked the needlepoint
covers for the chair seats in the dining-room. The
color scheme of this room is in direct contrast to
bedroom and living-room.

Burgundy drapes at the windows are patterned in
oyster and haze-blue. Place-mats of the same chintz,
bordered in candlewick, are most effective.

The apple-green wall-to-wall carpet and soft prim-
rose walls of entrance-hall are repeated in the living-
room. The deep-seated chairs are covered in a most
attractive cretonne of palest jade-green, magnolia
patterned, with jade cushions. Some smaller chairs are
upholstered in apricot sheepskin. Floor-length cur-
tains are of heavy oyster satin.



MAHOGANY CABINET houses collection of exquisite
fans. Mrs. O'Gorman Hughes is holding a French fan
in mother-of-pearl, hand-painted in gold, and em-
brodered with gold sequins.



CLEVER IDEA for a verandah or garden chair is
shown in the above picture. A small tray to hold
cool drinks or tea is attached to the chair with metal
clips. An easy idea to copy.

The Australian Women's Weekly—April 2, 1948



SPACIOUS AND CHARMING. The many-windowed living-room is furnished in muted tones of green, relieved with oyster-white, palest apricot, ranging to apricot-pink. Deep-seated chairs and lounges are covered with a bold magnolia-patterned cretonne. Occasional chairs are upholstered in apricot-pink sheepskin. Heirlooms, beautiful paintings, flowers, lamps, and lovely bric-a-brac add to the beauty of the room.



ENTERPRISING. Old walnut gramophone is used as cocktail cabinet. It is artistically lined with lily-of-the-valley cretonne.

ORIGINAL TOUCH. Corner of living-room shows lamp "wearing" jade necklace—a gift from the late Rudyard Kipling to Mrs. O'Gorman Hughes' family.



A PASTRY BRUSH is a grand little asset in the kitchen. See what Miss Precious Minutes has to say about it on this page.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IN addition to its use for the glazing of scones and pastry, your pastry brush can be used to remove grated fruit rind from the grater—makes grater easier to wash, too; to coat apple rings with lemon juice before grilling, stops them browning; to grease your cooking tins. But, remember to wash brush in boiling water to remove grease, then rinse well in clean, hot water to remove soap.

TO clean a thickly furred kettle, mix 1 tablespoon borax with 1 pint of water and boil solution in kettle.

SOILED suede gloves can be quickly cleaned this way: Put on gloves and rub fuller's earth in well with a small soft brush or clean tooth-brush. Leave a while, then brush off.

A TIGHT glass stopper may be removed by applying a drop or two of oil round stopper at bottle mouth and standing in warm spot for a while. Tap stopper gently on one side, then on the other. It should then come out easily.

GOLD jewellery may be brightened by washing in methylated spirit and then rubbing with a soft wash leather.

SAFETY first: Kinks in the flex of electric irons, radiators, washing machines, toasters, and kettles should be avoided. When you remove the plug from its socket grasp the plug, not the flex.

TO speed up the defrosting process in your refrigerator, remove the ice-blocks from trays, fill with boiling water, and replace trays in freezing compartment.

TO keep book-ends, china ornaments, and other small pieces of bric-a-brac from scratching polished surfaces, stick cut-outs of felt on to their under sides with strong gum.

WHEN linoleum gets very dirty, it is a good plan to add a little paraffin to the water with which the floor covering is to be washed. This loosens the dirt and reduces the amount of scrubbing and rubbing necessary.

One of the —
"No hat brigade"?



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The complete 1949 range of Hotpoint receivers gives you an added quality of tone—gives a new realism to your radio entertainment—gives you "Natural Colour Tone." Improved technical features and attractive cabinets make the 23 models available, in the Hotpoint range, the outstanding radios of 1949 for all purses and purposes.

New replaceable dials. For quicker, easier tuning of broadcast stations, medium-wave radios are fitted with standard dials which your Hotpoint retailer can replace if required, with special dials marked for these States: N.S.W.—QUEENSLAND—VICTORIA—TASMANIA—WESTERN AUSTRALIA—SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

New "on-off" power switches. All Hotpoint A.C. receivers incorporate power switches for added convenience—eliminates switching "ON" or "OFF" from power points.

New F.M. adaptor socket. There is provision on all Hotpoint A.C. radios for instant connection of an F.M. adaptor.

New miniature valves. In the 1949 range, all Hotpoint battery receivers use miniature valves—giving better listening and reduced battery drain for the country user.

COMBINATIONS & CONSOLES

Model E195G. A.C. . . . 9-valve, 7-band, all-wave, radiogram console . . . automatic record changer . . . 2 record-storage compartments . . . push-pull output ensures reserve of available power . . . 12" speaker.



Model J345E. A.C. . . . 6-valve, "magic-eye," 7-band, all-wave . . . 12" speaker. This handsome console is available also in medium and dual-wave models, for A.C., battery or vibrator operation.

Model H350GX. A.C. . . . 5-valve, dual-wave . . . radiogram console . . . automatic record changer . . . new I.F. transformer for improved reception . . . full-length lift-up lid . . . disappearing record rack . . . 12" speaker.



Model U54MG. A.C. . . . 4-valve, medium-wave . . . table radiogram . . . straight-line dial calibration . . . lift-up lid . . . 7" speaker.



PORTABLES

Standard Portable. 5 miniature valves . . . available for dual or medium-wave reception . . . 5" speaker . . . battery moving feature.



Personal Portable. Weighs only 5 lb. . . . built-in aerial . . . automatic volume control . . . "Over-the-shoulder" strap.



MANTEL & TABLE MODELS



Model R545EX. A.C. . . . 6-valve, 7-band, all-wave . . . new I.F. transformer for excellent reception . . . hand-spreading for easy, accurate tuning . . . 7" speaker.



Model T55DE. A.C. . . . 5-valve, dual-wave . . . 7" speaker . . . equipped with phono terminals for pickup connection. Available also for dry cell, 4-volt battery, 4 or 6-volt vibrator operation.



Model M54ME. A.C. . . . 4-valve, medium-wave . . . smartly styled plastic cabinet. Available also in 5-valve, dual and medium-wave. A.C., 4-valve, medium-wave vibrator and 6-valve A.C./D.C. models.



Model J64ME. A.C. . . . 4-valve, medium-wave . . . built-in aerial . . . 5" speaker. Available also for dry-cell operation.



Model G64MEW. A.C. . . . 4-valve, medium-wave . . . attractive plastic cabinet . . . 5" speaker. The ideal "second-set" for kitchen, bedroom or verandah.

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RIGHT: Rubble wall with shrubs and plants at foot, with well-kept lawn in centre. Another beautiful spot at Hobart Repatriation Hospital Tasmania.



Beautiful surroundings aid their recovery



RESIDENCE of female staff at Hobart Repatriation Hospital, showing newly laid-out rockery and lawn, lovely and colorful picture in spring.



PORTION of the main hospital building as seen from Hampden Road, Hobart. Generous use of small shrubs has done much to beautify area.



RIGHT: Rockery made of sandstone and planted with all sorts of annuals, biennials, and perennials in season. Old recreation room in background.



ESTABLISHED AVENUE of elms and the croquet lawn on extreme left. A restful, shady spot for war veterans and nurses.

OFFICIALS of the Repatriation Hospital, Hobart, Tasmania, have provided veterans in the institution with the most beautiful gardens as an aid to their speedy recovery from war disabilities.

Recently the supervisor of the grounds, Mr. I. H. Welsh, forwarded photographs and particulars of this lovely hospital garden, which we publish in the hope that similar work will eventually be accomplished in other parts of the Commonwealth.

The gardens, he says, utilise between 10,000 and 12,000 seedlings a year, the bulk of which are grown at the institution's nursery.

With such a variety and quantity of plants grown, cut flowers are available for interior decoration of the hospital throughout the year.

The display last spring was a delightful achievement and aroused much favorable comment from visitors, who considered the grounds the best surrounding any institution in Australia.

From the hospital can be seen the lovely Derwent River, with Mt. Wellington miles away in the background.

Lawns have been laid flanked with

rockeries and flower beds providing a never failing display of bloom.

The flowers grown include all manner of annuals and perennials, lavish use being made of pinks, phlox, lobelia, columbines, poppies, petunias, and others.

Shrubs and trees have been planted by landscape gardeners, and with the years these will add much beauty, shade, and comfort to the hospital.

The trees planted include copper beeches, golden oaks, cypress, scarlet oaks, flowering peaches and cherries, and many other deciduous species. The autumn coloring of many of these trees adds considerably to the attractiveness of the grounds.

Last spring many flower-beds were filled with tiny blue and white nemophila, Russell lupins, snapdragons, anemones, ranunculi, and petunias.

There is also an avenue of established elms, which were planted many years ago. This provides a cool, shady spot, and is much frequented by patients during summer. A croquet lawn has also been laid down.

The buildings stand on a rock foundation, and much use has been made of the natural rock in the district for wall and rockery construction.

Generally, the whole garden is most picturesque, restful, and beautiful, and Mr. Welsh is unstinting in his praise of the gardening staff responsible for this excellent work.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

BOOK ON PARENTCRAFT

A SECOND revised edition of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, is now available.

This 273-page book of complete parentcraft covers in detail the pre-natal and post-natal periods, the early care of the baby, and has suggestions and recipes for diet and management of the toddler.

Copies can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price 7/6, plus 1d. postage (registration 3d. extra). Write name and address in block letters.



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